

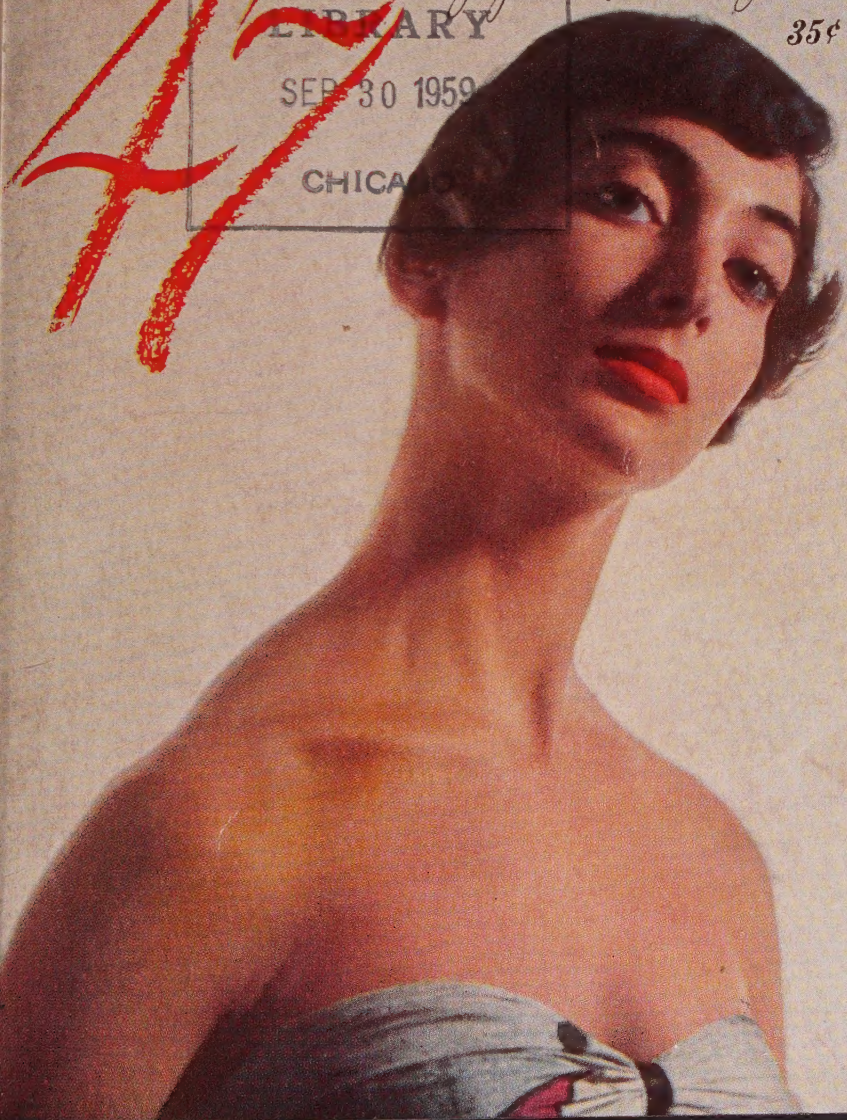
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MY NOT SO G. O. P. • BARTLEY C. CRUM
SOME MEN ARE VIRGINS • ILKA CHASE



THE BATHERS

Painting by Carlo Levi

See Carlo Levi, page 74, and After Two Caesars, page 79

TABLE OF CONTENTS

| ARTICLES | | PAGE |
|------------------------|------------------------------|------|
| J. B. PRIESTLEY..... | YOU WORRY THE WORLD | 2 |
| THORNTON WILDER..... | GERTRUDE STEIN MAKES SENSE | 10 |
| GERTRUDE STEIN..... | I LIKE AMERICAN AND AMERICAN | 16 |
| ILKA CHASE..... | SOME MEN ARE VIRGINS | 22 |
| LEE HARGUS..... | BEHIND THE ICY CURTAIN | 45 |
| BARTLEY C. CRUM..... | MY NOT SO G.O.P. | 55 |
| CARLO LEVI..... | AFTER TWO CAESARS | 79 |
| JOHN M. HARRISON..... | POP. 1,317 | 88 |
| DAVID O. WOODBURY..... | NEW EYE, NEW UNIVERSE | 135 |

| NARRATIVE | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------------------|-----|
| MARTHA GELLHORN..... | SOMETHING SUITABLE TO THE WAR | 28 |
| PIETRO DI DONATO..... | TOUGH BUTTON | 62 |
| ANN PETRY..... | SOLO ON THE DRUMS | 105 |
| ROBERT RUARK..... | GRANDPA'S DOD-LIMBED WORLD | 112 |
| SEAN O'FAOLAIN..... | UP THE BARE STAIRS | 124 |

| WORDS AND PICTURES | | |
|---|--------------------------|-----|
| '47 AUTHOR-REVIEW . . . Four Paintings..... | CARLO LEVI | 74 |
| GJON MILI . . . Four Photographs..... | JAM SESSION | 102 |
| IRWIN SHAW, WILLIAM SAROYAN, VINCENT SHEEAN, and others..... | MORE CAPA INVENTIONS | 120 |
| CLIFTON FADIMAN..... | THE DISQUIETING MR. DEAN | 144 |
| Cartoons by ABNER DEAN | | |

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YOU

WORRY THE WORLD

**Because, says this aroused Englishman,
desperate peoples see their fate decided
by an irresponsible giant—America**

by J. B. Priestley

I KNOW the Americans. I haven't crossed the Atlantic lately, but before the war I was always going to America, and had slipped into the pleasant, if expensive, habit of taking my family—nine of us in all—to winter in Arizona. Sometimes we wandered all over the Southwest in a station wagon. Lecture tours and writing jobs took me all across and up and down the continent. Lately I have met and had long talks with many representative Americans on their visits to London, and in addition I try to keep up with American thought and feeling in my reading. Yes, I may say I know the Americans. But if I didn't, I would now regard America and the Americans with sharp mistrust and increasing dislike.

Let me explain why I say this.

America now bestrides the world; she is the colossus of our time. Whatever is said and done in the United States may easily change the lives of unnumbered millions, thousands of miles away. For example, here in Europe, men who cannot get on with their work, women who are desperately wondering how to feed their children, look to America, and clutch at any piece of news from there.

It is clearly a terrible responsibility. But where, except in occasional speeches, is America's sense of responsibility? Sometimes we feel as if our destiny hangs on decisions that come from a three-

• J. B. PRIESTLEY is known in the U.S.A. and his native England not only for such very successful novels as *The Good Companions* and *Angel Pavement*, but also for fusing engaging personal history with vigorous social criticism.

ring circus. Congressmen who have never given a morning's serious thought to world problems hurry to register votes that may ruin half a continent. Columnists in search of a scoop casually blast the plans of half a dozen countries. Private feuds that we in Europe know nothing about shape our lives.

The most powerful government on earth seems to have no continuing policy, no tradition to guide it, and is clearly swayed by what is largely an irresponsible sensation-loving press and an electorate that can be stampeded like cattle. Imagine our feelings. It is like being locked in a house with a whimsical drunken giant.

Here I must explain briefly my own beliefs. I am a Socialist of the liberal English type. I am not a Communist, and have often been sharply critical of Communist tactics and of the philosophy behind them. I do not want to force my Socialism on America (which is, in truth, not yet ready for it), but on the other hand I will do everything I can to prevent Britain from abandoning its Socialism, for that alone can save it. If

Americans prefer the greedy dog-fight known as "free private enterprise," then let them get on with it. All I ask is that they do not praise it in one breath and then in the next breath denounce all its inevitable results—fear of unemployment, the fact that all the prizes go to the cunning and the predatory, an atmosphere of competitiveness and anxiety, the feeling that violent industrial disputes wait just around the corner.

And, as a Briton, I do not propose to accept any patronizing advice from the advocates of Big



Business. Britain is not poor now because she has gone Socialist, but because she was in the front line during the long war, and because, after Roosevelt promised us Lend-Lease to see us through, we gave our maximum production to the war effort—only to have Lend-Lease taken away from us when the last shot was fired. By 1945 we were living in an arsenal and an aircraft carrier, and we are not to be sneered at because we could not wave a magic wand and recover all the exports of peacetime in five minutes. And if you think this country is badly off under a Labour Government, allow me to say that under any government unable to satisfy the workers we would now be living in a howling chaos.

So, please stop patronizing us and offering us solutions that failed long ago with us; and remember that, poor and struggling though we may be, we are already out of woods darker than any that American society has yet seen. And remember, when the correspondents write rubbish about our being a dying people, that, in addition to having the most equitable food system in the world (with nobody starving and nobody over-eating) we are, in many important branches of human activity, livelier than we have been since the time of Queen Elizabeth.

If you do not want our economic system, that's all right. But try to understand what we are doing and why we are doing it. Give us credit for some common sense.

The impression that America makes upon most of us now is completely bewildering. There is something called "the American way of life," which is not only what you want, but also something the rest of us ought to have too. But if this way of life is a good and satisfying way of life, why is it that American thinkers, artists, publicists, and others seem so profoundly dissatisfied, so disillusioned, so bitter? For example, never has American fiction been more pessimistic than it is now.



Illustrations by Vic Volk

Why are the people so miserable leading this good way of life? Why is so much that you do, when the day's work is over, an obvious escape from your way of life?

What compels you to stare, night after night, at all the glittering hokum that has been deliberately put together for you? Why do you want us to accept something that appears to be driving you deeper and deeper into despair? Why is everything you accept with enthusiasm either a bitter protest or an anaesthetic? Why must the great roaring carnival of quick drinks, adolescent sex, bright lights, and dimmed thinking always go faster and faster? What is the matter with you?



That is what we over here ask ourselves. You may be frank with each other, sometime around midnight, but you are not frank with us, the poor Europeans who cannot have steak for dinner. Being generous at heart, you do not wish to be envied, but, being human too, you cannot help letting us know that you are to be envied. You boast bright lights, luxurious automobiles, stockings for the girls, pot roast and cream for dinner, all the whisky you can buy—and yet you never show us what is far more important, namely a state of mind to be envied. On the contrary, all the evidence indicates a state of mind that calls for pity.

There are, of course, people all over the world who are much worse off, people living among ruins, people who have forgotten what a good square meal is, people who lie awake at night wondering when the secret police will hammer at their doors; the miseries endured by such folk are easy to understand. But what secret ghost is it that makes so many sensitive Americans mutter like haunted Macbeth? Why does this way of life seem to lead to so many lost weekends? And as we ask ourselves these questions, our bewilderment grows.

Then there is this business of freedom. You feel, quite sincere-

ly, I believe, that you are the guardians of freedom, of Western man's essential liberties. But you seem to many of us over here to be deceiving yourselves in this matter. You are moving away from freedom. All this Red-baiting and radical witch-hunting. All this screaming about "un-American activities." All the indirect pressure upon radio and film script writers to produce what is acceptable to rich predatory men. It looks at this distance as if a new intolerance were sharpening the American air. A visitor to this free land must promise not to believe this, not to do that, and must be fingerprinted like a criminal.

Such precautions may be necessary, but they do not suggest a passion for human liberty. And indeed, I suspect that most of the Americans who make the most

noise about freedom, who are the quickest to denounce the Kremlin, have themselves about as much enthusiasm for the liberty they praise as had Ivan the Terrible or Torquemada. Here is the old pitfall—imitating what you first denounce and hate, remaking yourself in the likeness of your enemy. When America was the land of promised freedom, the refuge from every ancient tyranny, its spacious atmosphere was not polluted by people who ran about denouncing "un-American activities," and it did not employ detectives to discover who was reading Karl Marx, and it did not demand that its professors and teachers should think like all the local men of wealth.

It seems to many of us who revere the great American tradition that the only real un-American activity is the nosing out of



un-American activities.

And then there is this great *Kulturkampf* of yours. We in Europe are beginning to feel that you are now busy dumping upon us a vast amount of cultural trash better kept at home. The tragedy here is that it is not the first-rate stuff, representing the best American minds, that arrives by the ton, but commercial second- and third-rate cultural products. This export of hokum is doing the real America, which I for one admire and love, a grave disservice. The range of the good folk, from the exquisite Willa Cather to the uproarious Marx Brothers, is wide enough to satisfy any reasonable cultural demand, but it will not satisfy the insatiable demands of those who do business in cheap entertainment;

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HATE ME
KILL ME

HOLLYWOOD'S
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SALLY LAKE

SALLY LAKE

LOVE ME HATE ME KILL ME

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and so now we are flooded by this Niagara of piffle. Our cities are plastered with vast posters advertising films originally made to please American adolescents, films based on values that our people have indignantly rejected. The bookshops and stalls of paper-starved Europe are crammed with glossy tendentious American periodicals and cheap editions of nonsensical best-sellers.

Our best journalists are beginning to feel dubious about this invasion; but our worst types, fascinated by the wealth and power of America and responding to its doubtful standards and values, praise and push these wares hard. And there is a danger, a very real danger, that the fine and true America will soon be hidden behind this horrible facade of synthetic sentimentality, cheap cynicism, and sex turned on and off like a faucet; and that America, for the sake of profits it does not even need, will soon find itself with friends only among the worst. (When Mr. William Benton, U. S. Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs, hinted at such a reaction in Europe, his remarks were received with indignation. Yet he did not exaggerate.)

Already the movement of the best young minds in Europe, as my postwar travels have shown

me, is definitely away from America. And for this marked change from their attitude before the war, you have only yourselves to blame. Yes, of course we may put up with it for a time, but the reaction is growing. Give us more of your best, for the fun and glory of it, and stop this dumping of the worst.

IBEGAN BY SAYING that if I didn't know the Americans, I would now regard them with sharp mistrust and increasing dislike. I have explained, sketchily but frankly, why this could be so. But now I shall be equally sincere—and not merely to round off an article pleasantly—in explaining this qualification about knowing America and the Americans. It will, I think, strengthen my case if I quote a pamphlet I wrote last year for British readers. In it I tried to analyze the secret dream of the British, the American, and the Russian people. And this is what I said of the American dream:

I think the Americans—though their present situation may easily make them dangerous to themselves and to others—are essentially a good people. This is proved, to my mind, by the very heart of their dream, where we find no power-fantasies but a little vision that is simple, innocent, and kind. A

man returns at last to the small community where he spent his childhood and everybody knows him for what he really is. "Hiya, Joe!" they say, grinning. And he strolls around and talks to old neighbors, does a bit of fishing, and sits in his shirt-sleeves playing poker with Doc and the rest of the fellows. This return home of a man who has proved himself is at the heart of the American dream, and the motif recurs endlessly. It is a return to boyish simplicities, to what is easy, uncomplicated, but bright with old affection. It is Thanksgiving Day going on forever. It is an escape from one America, so dark and confused that a man may have to get drunk to tolerate it, into another America, the real America that Jefferson and Lincoln, Whitman and Mark Twain meant, smaller, simpler, clearer, the light of morning still gilding it, where men know they have been created equal, have broken forever with the tyrannical Old World, and see the frontiers of the West glittering with a gold that has nothing to do with Bretton Woods. Even the visitor, as I know, can catch glimpses of this America. But it never stays long. It is not an actual way of life. It is a dream. But it is a good dream. Only a people still fundamentally uncorrupted could follow it. . . .

And by that I stand. America came into existence through a revolution not yet two centuries old.

This is both its strength and its weakness. It is its weakness because the American, having completed *his* revolution, is apt to be unusually intolerant of that of others, and tends to cling to inadequate 18th-century formulas. It is America's strength—and our hope—because this America that came out of a revolution can never be completely cynical, and must in the last resort, when the true feeling of its people is revealed, be generous and hopeful. The America that uses "starry-eyed" as a term of abuse for any politician is not truly expressing itself.

America must always be either starry-eyed or bleary-eyed, and has no choice but to be either the hope or the despair of the world. An American is brought up with the huge burning phrases of great revolutionaries, themselves starry-eyed, forever ringing in his ears. To forget them, to act against their hope and faith in men, is to take an axe to his own roots. There is in the American mind, just because it is an American mind, an idealism that cannot be quenched, a small voice of conscience that all the hokum in the world cannot drown.

So, if I didn't know the Americans—but then I feel that I do, and so face the future with anxiety, but not despair. . . . **END**

GERTRUDE STEIN MAKES SENSE

When she said *A rose is a rose is a rose*, a rose became a rose for the first time in 100 years

by Thornton Wilder

MISS GERTRUDE Stein, answering a question about her famous line, *A rose is a rose is a rose is a rose*, once said with characteristic vehemence:

"Now listen! I'm no fool. I know that in daily life we don't say 'is a . . . is a . . . is a . . .'"

She knew that she was a difficult and an idiosyncratic author. She pursued her aims, however, with such conviction and intensity that occasionally she forgot that the results could be difficult to others. At such times the achievements she had made in writing, in "telling what she knew" (her most frequent formulization of the aim of writing), had to her the character of self-evident beauty and clarity. A friend, to whom she showed recently completed samples of her poetry, was frequently driven to

reply sadly: "But you forget that I don't understand examples of your extremer styles." To this she would reply with a mixture of bewilderment and exasperation:

"But what's the difficulty? Just read the words on the paper. They're in English. Just read them. Be simple and you'll understand these things."

Now let me quote the speech from which the opening remark on this page has been extracted. A student in her seminar at the University of Chicago had asked her for an "explanation" of the famous line.

She leaned forward, giving all of herself to the questioner in

● THORNTON WILDER, whose novels and plays are in perfectly plain English, also specializes in interpreting the high priests of modernist prose. *I Like American and American*, by high priestess Gertrude Stein, follows on page 16.

that unforgettable way which endeared her to thousands of students and to thousands of soldiers in two wars, trenchant, humorous, but above all urgently concerned over the enlightenment of even the most obtuse questioner:

"Now listen! Can't you see that when the language was new—as it was with Chaucer and Homer—the poet could use the name of a thing and the thing was really there? He could say 'Oh, moon,' 'O sea,' 'O love' and the moon and the sea and love were really there. And can't you see that after hundreds of years had gone by and thousands of poems had been written, he could call on those words and find that they were just worn out literary words? The excitingness of pure being had withdrawn from them; they were just rather stale literary words. Now the poet has to work in the excitingness of pure being; he has to get back that intensity into the language. You all have seen hundreds of poems about roses and you know in your bones that the rose is not there. I don't want to put too much emphasis on that line of mine because it's just one line in a longer poem. But I notice that you all know it; you make fun of it, but you know it. Now listen! I'm no fool. I know that in daily life we don't go

around saying 'is a . . . is a . . . is a . . .' Yes, I'm no fool; but I think that in that line the rose is red for the first time in English poetry for a hundred years."

There are certain of Miss Stein's idiosyncrasies which by this time should not require discussion, for example, her punctuation and recourse to repetition. The majority of readers ask of literature the kind of pleasure they have always received; they want "more of the same"; they accept idiosyncrasy in author and periods only when it has been consecrated by long accumulated prestige, as in the cases of the earliest and the latest of Shakespeare's styles, and in the poetry of Donne, Gerard Manley Hopkins, or Emily Dickinson. They arrogate to themselves a superiority in condemning the novels of Kafka or of the later Joyce or the later Henry James, forgetting that they allow a no less astonishing individuality to Laurence Sterne and to Rabelais.

This work is for those who not only largely accord to others "another's way," but who rejoice in the diversity of minds and the tension of difference.

It is perhaps not enough to say: "Be simple and you will understand these things"; but it is necessary to say: "Relax your predilections for the accustomed, the

received, and be ready to accept an extreme example of idiosyncratic writing."

A BRIEF RECAPITULATION of Miss Stein's aims as a writer will help us to understand her work.

She left Radcliffe College, with William James's warm endorsement, to study psychology at Johns Hopkins University. There, as a research problem, her professor gave her a study of automatic writing. For this work she called upon her fellow students—the number ran into the hundreds—to serve as experimental subjects. Her interest, however, took an unexpected turn; she became more absorbed in the subjects' varying approach to the experiments than in the experiments themselves. They entered the room with alarm, with docility, with bravado, with gravity, with scorn, or with indifference. This striking variation reawoke within her an interest which had obsessed her even in very early childhood—the conviction that a description could be made of all the types of human character and that these types could be related to two basic types (she called them independent-dependents and dependent-independents).

She left the University and, settling in Paris, applied herself to the problem. The result was a nov-

el of one thousand pages, *The Making of Americans*, which is at once an account of a large family from the time of the grandparents' coming to this country from Europe, and a description of "everyone who is, or has been, or will be." She then went on to tell in *A Long Gay Book* of all possible relations of two persons.

This book, however, broke down soon after it began. Miss Stein had been invaded by another compelling problem: How, in our time, do you describe anything? In the previous centuries writers had managed pretty well by assembling a number of adjectives and adjectival clauses side by side; the reader "obeyed" by furnishing images and concepts in his mind and the resultant "thing" in the reader's mind corresponded fairly well with that in the writer's. Miss Stein felt that that process did not work any more. Her painter friends were showing clearly that the corresponding method of "description" had broken down in painting, and she was sure that it had broken down in writing.

In the first place, words were no longer precise, they were full of extraneous matter. They were full of "remembering," and describing a thing in front of us, an "objective thing," is no time for remembering. Miss Stein felt that writing

must accomplish a revolution whereby it could report things as they were in themselves before our minds had appropriated them and robbed them of their objectivity "in pure existing."

Those who had the opportunity of seeing Miss Stein in the daily life of her home will never forget her practice of meditating. She set aside a certain part of every day for it. In Bilignin, her summer home in the south of France, she would sit in her rocking chair facing the valley she has described so often, holding one or the other of her dogs on her lap. Following the practice of a lifetime she would rigorously pursue some subject in thought, taking it up where she had left it on the previous day. Her conversation would reveal the current preoccupation: It would be the nature of "money" or "masterpieces" or "superstition" or "the Republican Party."

SHE HAD ALWAYS been an omnivorous reader. As a small girl she had sat for days at a time in a window seat in the Marine Institute Library in San Francisco, an endowed institution with few visitors, reading all Elizabethan literature, including its prose, reading all Swift, Burke, and De-foe. Later in life her reading remained as wide but was strangely

nonselective. She read whatever books came her way. ("I have a great deal of inertia. I need things from outside to start me off.") The Church of England at Aix-les-Bains sold its Sunday School library, the accumulation of seventy years, at a few francs for every ten volumes. They included some thirty minor English novels of the '70s, the stately lives of Colonial governors, the lives of missionaries. She read them all. Any written thing had become sheer phenomenon; for the purposes of her reflections absence of quality was as instructive as quality. Quality was sufficiently supplied by Shakespeare, whose works lay often at her hand. If there was any subject which drew her from her inertia and led her actually to seek out works, it was American history and particularly books about the Civil War.

And always with her great relish for human beings she was listening to people. She was listening with genial absorption to the matters in which they were involved. "Everybody's life is full of stories; your life is full of stories; my life is full of stories. They are very occupying, but they are not really interesting. What is interesting is the way everyone tells their stories"; and at the same time she was listening to the tellers'

revelation of their "basic nature." "If you listen, really listen, you will hear people repeating themselves. You will hear their pleading nature or their attacking nature or their asserting nature. People who say that I repeat too much do not really listen; they cannot hear that every moment of life is full of repeating."

It can be easily understood that the questions she was asking concerning personality and the nature of language and concerning "how you tell a thing" would inevitably lead to the formulation of a metaphysics. In fact, I think it can be said that the fundamental occupation of Miss Stein's life was not the work of art but the shaping of a theory of knowledge, a theory of time, and a theory of the passions. These theories finally converged on the master question: What are the various ways that creativity works in everyone?

MISS STEIN HELD a doctrine which informs her theory of creativity, which plays a large part in her demonstration of what an American is, and which helps to explain some of the great difficulty we feel in reading her work. It is the Doctrine of Audience. From consciousness of audience, she felt, come all the evils of thinking, writing, and creating.

In *The Geographical History of America* she illustrates the idea by distinguishing between our human nature and our human mind. Our human nature is a serpents' nest, all directed to audience; from it proceed self-justification, jealousy, propaganda, individualism, moralizing, and edification. How comforting it is, and how ignobly pleased we are, when we see it expressed in literature. The human mind, however, gazes at experience, and without deflection by the insidious pressures from human nature, tells what it sees and knows. Its subject matter is indeed human nature; to cite two of Miss Stein's favorites, *Hamlet* and *Pride and Prejudice* are about human nature, but not of it. The survival of masterpieces, and there are very few of them, is due to our astonishment that certain minds can occasionally repeat life without adulterating the report with the gratifying movements of their own self-assertion, their private quarrel with what it has been to be a human being.

Miss Stein pushed to its furthest extreme the position that, at the moment of writing, one should rigorously exclude from the mind all thought of praise and blame, of persuasion or conciliation. In the early days she used to say: "I write for myself and strangers."

Then she eliminated the strangers; then she had a great deal of trouble with the idea that one is an audience to oneself, which she solves in her posthumous book, *Four in America*.^{*} with the far-reaching concept: "I am not I when I see."

IT HAS OFTEN SEEMED to me that Miss Stein was engaged in a series of spiritual exercises whose aim was to eliminate during the hours of writing all those whispers into the ear from the outside and inside world where audience dwells. She knew that she was the object of derision to many and to some extent the knowledge fortified her. Some of the devices that most exasperate readers are at bottom merely attempts to nip in the bud by a drastic intrusion of apparent incoherence any ambition she may have felt within herself to woo for acceptance as a "respectable" philosopher. Yet it is very moving to learn that on one occasion when a friend asked what a writer most wanted, she replied, throwing up her hands and laughing, "Oh, praise, praise, praise!"

Miss Stein's writing is the record of her thoughts, from the beginning, as she "closes in" on them.

It is *being written* before our eyes; she does not, as other writers do, suppress and erase the hesitations, the recapitulations, the connectives, in order to give you the completed fine result of her meditations. She gives us the process. From time to time we hear her groping towards the next idea; we hear her cry of joy when she has found it; sometimes, it seems to me that we hear her reiterating the already achieved idea and, as it were, pumping it in order to force out the next development that lies hidden within it. We hear her talking to herself about the book that is growing and glowing (to borrow her often irritating habit of rhyming) within her.

Many readers will not like this, but at least it is evidence that she is ensuring the purity of her indifference as to whether her readers will like it or not. It is as though she were afraid that if she weeded out all gropings, shapings, re-assemblings, if she gave us only the completed thoughts, the truth would have slipped away like water through a sieve because such a final marshalling of her thoughts would have been directed towards audience. Her description of existence would be, like so many hundreds of thousands of descriptions of existence, like most literature—dead. **END**

^{*}The excerpts that follow this article are from *Four in America*, to be published by Yale University Press.

I Like American

What our most famous literary expatriate really thought of her country

PHOTOGRAPH BY CARL VAN VECHTEN



and American

by Gertrude Stein

WHAT is the United States of America. It is a country of a great size in the center of which there is a great deal of land. Upon this land live those who can do and do whatever they have to do.

Let me tell about the character of the people of the United States of America and what they say.

Let me tell you one thing, what they say has a great deal to do with what they do, and what they do they do do, as what they were was part of what they did, as by the time, this time, they are what they are.

How do they know what they are. They know it by looking at what they do. This is why the United States of America is important.

★ ★ ★

What is the United States of America.

It is not a country surrounded by a wall or not as well by an ocean. In short the United States of America is not surrounded. . . .

By this I mean all this.

Listen quietly.

The United States of America is not where it is as other countries are. It is there as they say and they held it right there. Held or hold it right there. They themselves held it right there. And this is the history of not only but also the people of the United States of America. And what did they do. What did they if they do say this of this.

★ ★ ★

Now I will tell you what I like.

I like American and American.

Yes I do.

Now see here and listen to me.

If a country is very big is it generous. I do not have to say so.
If any airplane flies very high does it have to fly higher.

★ ★ ★

Listen to this.

I say that America is a large land and it being so they do not have to care because nobody can stare since they are all there so they can be mean. Do you see what I mean. Oh yes you do you do see what I mean.

★ ★ ★

America is always building a nation, even now, when anybody might think a nation had been built.

And if a nation has been built there is only a people.

But when they are always building a nation then there is not only, only a people, there is no waiting.

Nobody can reconcile waiting with a pioneer. And they, they are always here, just dear me, a pioneer.

When they left home. when anybody left home, when they all left home, and in America and at that time, and as now, they all left home. when they left home, they went away from home. from any home. from their home, and they left home, never to see home again.

All is theirs. a whole country is their home, only they left their home. Yes they did. then and now, they left their home then and now. They can stay anywhere.

★ ★ ★

No one, not any one is ever waiting. Not any one who never can or will or does or should or would earn a living.

And now I come to everything I have to say and what I have to say is this.

A real American a true American an American cannot earn a living. If he could earn a living he could be waiting. Waiting is what makes earning a living be a part of existing and succeeding. No American can succeed no American can earn a living. It is only because Americans are part European that they can earn a living because and this I cannot say too often because waiting is part of earning a living and there is no

waiting in an American.

It seems so foolish that it is true that no American can earn a living that no American can succeed. Of course he cannot succeed, if he could succeed he could earn a living, and if he could earn a living he could wait. He cannot wait and therefore he cannot earn a living and therefore he cannot succeed. That is what you can call demonstrated or elucidated.

I like elucidating even better than demonstrating. Of course I do.

★ ★ ★

In America then is was and has been fighting and religion. Remember everything of course it has been that soldiers and religion made them do their fighting being the kind who gave and had orders given or acted without as many Americans do.

They do act without orders they act with orders they like orders, or if not they do as they do. This is what they are.

★ ★ ★

There is no sky, no there is no sky. And why. For the very simple reason that there is no sky, not in America not in American religion and why. Why is there no sky.

And so you see why American religion and European religion have nothing in common. Nothing at all.

European religion has a sky. So heaven is there on high.

American religion has no sky and why. Because America has no sky. And why. Because that is why. There is only air and no sky. That is why.

Each one is all.

In American religion there is no one, there is no part of all, there is no sky, and why. Why. Because there is no sky. No one is shy, why, because there there is no sky.

A sky is a thin seen when you look up, when you look up in America you see up. That is all.

★ ★ ★

In an American war, nobody can dream because if you dream you wait just as much as a dream. And so they know how not, not there. But really not, because it could be not a dream. It could not be a dream and so no dream can seem to be a dream, not it. No no no American religion no American war is there.

There is a place, dream is a place and there is no place there there where American war or American religion can be there. Oh.

★ ★ ★

The eighteenth century knew that soldiers were soldiers that is to say they were different from others.

The nineteenth century said soldiers were soldiers but after all soldiers were men.

And we, U. S. we, us, in the nineteenth century discovered the twentieth century because we discovered there were no such thing as soldiers even in a war. Everybody knew it in the beginning of the nineteenth century and then they forgot it and then in the middle of all that forgetting in the middle of the nineteenth century we the U. S. knew it even in a big war.

★ ★ ★

American painters when they paint are not painters. Actors when they act are not actors that is American actors that is they are actors but not European actors they are cinema actors and that is an entirely and very different thing. And I will tell you exactly what I mean.

Now I will tell you exactly what I mean.

There is a very important difference between actors and cinema actors and this is the difference between American and European. Oh yes you will know what I mean.

. . . Now listen carefully while I tell you how American painters paint and as they find they are not like European painters who paint. European painters who paint are extended to the pictures after the pictures have been painted, they are in so much like European actors who see what they say. This is the difference. Now about American painters. Today yesterday or any day. How do they do it.

They do it like this.

When they paint it does not make any difference what gets upon the canvas, they are they and they feel that they are going to be they. Oh yes. They. They are they. That is what they look like and that is what they feel. Anybody who sees them do it knows what they do.

★ ★ ★

How can an American marry five women and the last of them be a french woman. The last one was not a french woman but a Swedish woman and she had a great deal of money which she finally lost and married him the American and she thought in marrying him she would begin again having money and they did. He did not have to make money because she soon inherited her own money and then he went away and perhaps he forgot to come back again at any rate she never saw him again.

An American married an indo-chinese woman yes he married her he did not marry a Chinese or Japanese he married an indo-chinese but told no one and no one told him and there are no other indo-chinese women waiting for him.

What do Americans say when they marry. They say I married her. Americans marry a woman. Oh yes they do.

If they do they may care to be better than they were.

If an American marries a foreign woman does he remain faithful to her. Very often he does. If he marries an American woman does he remain faithful to her. He very often does.

It is a part of that interesting thing that American men marry American women and have American children. Just yet.

★ ★ ★

An American married an American which was the same as marrying a foreigner and he was very content and had twins.

★ ★ ★

Hamilton is nothing, he was just an Englishman. He was an Englishman in America. He thought he was forming the Federal party but he was not, it was the Americans who were the federal party and he was only a boss, nothing but a boss.

Then there is the Democratic party. There was Cleveland and when America was all through with Cleveland they wanted Cleveland again and there was nothing to it. Then there was Wilson's second term, the Democratic party seduces because they only elect a president when they have an exceptional man to elect and a very exceptional man is seductive, no one can help being seduced by an exceptional man.

The Republican party is not seductive because they do not have an exceptional man with which to seduce. END



some men are virgins

Scorn the male spinster, useless to society—and to women

by Ilka Chase

FOR A WOMAN, there are few spectacles on earth more delightful, provocative, exasperating, and mysterious than a single man. The only comparable sight to a woman is a drawing room the first time she enters it and mentally starts rearranging the furniture.

Women are creative beings, biologically and by choice, and to make or to remake is their joy. That is why, when they spot a single man, they say to themselves, "This I must change." That he should remain single is abhorrent to them, and they are right: after a certain age a single man is just unnatural.

Even a married woman feels this way about unmarried men.

●ILKA CHASE here turns her attention from writing books (*Past Imperfect* and *In Bed We Cry*) and acting to dissecting the species bachelor, male.

This is distinctly annoying to the spinster lady, who thinks to herself: That woman has already bagged her quota; why not leave the rest of the game to the hungry, unsuccessful hunters? Yet, though the spinster resents her and is quick to wax moral about her behavior (. . . "A married woman playing about with another man, my dear, how shocking! I would no more dream . . .") in her heart of maidenly hearts she probably understands. The feminine desire to matchmake, either for oneself or others, the hankering to change a thing, whether it be a man or a job or a cook or the curtains, does not die with matrimony. Usually it only dies with the lady.

It is to be hoped that when one's world is young, unattached males will be a commonplace; to be perfectly honest, it is pleasant to have

them about with advancing summer and the first touch of frost. Because of the feminine urge to garner (and alter) men, women are often called predatory, but actually they are obeying the most fundamental of instincts.

Having a whole and untouched heart and a freely wandering fancy is natural enough in a very young man, but one who still remains single as he gets on in years should be an object of suspicion. Why only men? Simply because there are many more women in the world than men. If a woman has never married, it is usually because no man has ever asked her. She may be attractive and warm-hearted and still remain single, because there are not enough men to go around. But the man doesn't exist who hasn't met enough women from whom to choose a mate. Also, in a world conditioned to the notion that man dominates, the initiative is his. If he hasn't made the most of his position, why hasn't he?

There are generally obvious reasons why a man is single until his middle twenties. It is possible he hasn't yet had time to meet the *kind* of girl with whom he can fall in love, or he hasn't the means to support a wife. I refer to the *kind* of girl deliberately, because, although some temperaments may

always be antipathetic to one another, there is no such thing as a love which can light on only one member of the entire opposite sex. Fortunately, we are attracted to the available. If we live in Denver we usually fall in love with a Colorado citizen; if in France, then usually with someone who is French. The grand passion of our lives must lie among the people we meet. There is never *Only One*—or, if there is, it's remarkable how often he or she lives next door.

When, therefore, a man remains unmarried after the normal period, we may well ask why. Male spinsters are the drones in human society—though married men, too, can be mental virgins—and while during extreme youth there is nothing wrong with virginity, to remain without experience throughout life is never to have outgrown adolescence. The immature are a handicap in any society, and immaturity is probably more dangerous in the male than in the female because, despite all the feminine emancipation, men still run the country. But it is also dangerous in the female, because it is she who guides man during his formative years.

The average mother is reluctant to let her son mature and develop independence. She wants to keep

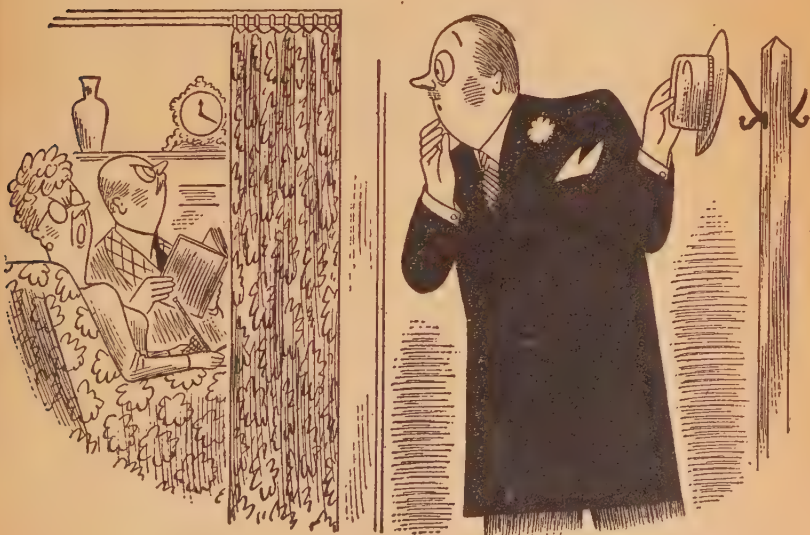
her child a baby as long as possible. Fortunately, the healthy male is a fairly robust person who rebels at an early age and strikes out for himself. But such gumption is not as widespread as it might be, and if it is true that as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd, several million mothers in the world to-day may well indict their souls when they consider the sorry state of our civilization.

Single men, or those single in outlook, meaning particularly those who cannot accept responsibility, are pre-eminent among those who do not make the grade

in life. Consider the average bachelor. Though it would seem that a male should have reached manhood by the time he is twenty-five, let's give him till, say, the age of thirty before we expect him to have assumed his adult responsibilities: financial independence, marriage, parenthood.

Let's see what kind of life and philosophy this thirty-year-old stripling has. If he isn't playing a mature role in society, it's either because he's incapable of doing so, or disinclined. And usually he's disinclined because, whether he admits it or not, he's incapable.

Illustrations by Richard Taylor



At thirty, poor birdie, he's still daughter of the house

He is a pathetic creature who is forever making second best do and missing the fullness of life. He is always busily explaining that he is not the marrying kind. By this he implies not that he doesn't know how to be—which is the truth—but rather that his is a free spirit seeking something a little rarer, a little more profound, than anything dreamed of by the poor fools who surround him. Let one of his companions announce his engagement, and he leads the cry, "You're a sucker, boy! Poor old Joe, trapped at last. Don't you know enough to have your cake and eat it too? Not for me, brother, I'm too smart."

Let's examine for a moment this fine, free spirit, unbeset by family ties. Where does he live? Well, sometimes this independent soul lives at home with parents whom, presumably, he does not consider family ties. At the age of thirty he is still the daughter of the house, and this role, while becoming to a young girl or even to an adolescent boy, sits ludicrously upon a grown man. No matter how kind he may be to the old folks, he is inevitably a figure of ridicule, a poor birdie that has never learned to flap its wings. Excessive devotion to parents has masked many a timid heart; and although such a heart may be worthy of pity it is

also perilously close to craven.

Perhaps, however, our bachelor does not live at home, but in a bachelor apartment, a discreet walk-up, in and out of which a lady may slip unobserved at questionable hours. And not just one lady! That is part of the advantage, says he, of being a gay dog. Why settle down to one, when the world's full of girls? Also, says he, it's cheaper. Perhaps—but when one considers meals in restaurants and gifts to the belles, the fact that ladies who frequent walk-ups are often costly, the liquor consumed in the places where the opening gambits are usually played, laundry and clothing bills where there is no woman's helping hand, it is debatable just how much a bachelor does save.

BESIDES, ON CLOSER observation, what a meagre life this sort of freedom means. There are few activities less rewarding than promiscuity. There is something comic about the eternal wolf hopefully ringing the doorbells of untried ladies, a bouquet in one paw and a sheaf of references in the other—since it is impossible for wolves not to touch upon former conquests. They are so eager to show how many conquests they can make that they appear rather like those servants who never stay in a

position more than two or three months . . . unreliable.

Psychoanalytically it has been rather well established that extreme promiscuity is rooted in a deep sense of inferiority, of insecurity. The victim, for that's what he is, requires ever new conquests to assure himself and others that he is attractive and potent. By contrast, a married man, who has accepted his responsibility as a member of the community, may grow a little paunchy and gray, but he is likely to achieve the serenity which comes from the normal fulfillment of his functions. He has exercised his human capacities to the utmost and in doing so has achieved dignity and stature. If his marriage is successful, he has found the happiness that is only possible when a man and woman love each other and work out their lives together.

Incidentally, a single life is no barrier to a paunch and gray hair—and as the male butterfly grows older he is likely to find they are his sole companions. It takes a remarkable character to fill the part of the "extra man" at a social gathering so that those who meet him do not feel that he is indeed a supernumerary.

If these lone specimens do not live with their parents, and have outgrown the gay walk-up, the

chances are they live in bachelor "digs" or at a club. This would seem a singularly sterile life that inevitably gives rise to speculation concerning their capabilities. Men who are sexually neutral or homosexual may certainly have brilliant minds and be extraordinarily gifted in the arts or in diplomacy, but an increase in their numbers is a danger signal to a civilization. As degeneracy grows, a nation declines. When the manhood of a nation begins sloughing off its male responsibility, denying its potency, turning from the normal fulfillment of its sexual energy, something happens to its spirit, too. Or perhaps it happens to the spirit first; but wherever the starting-point, the cycle is a vicious one.

Men who remain single beyond their late twenties or still philander after marrying, and thus show themselves incapable of achieving maturity in their lives, are a dubious element in society. They are sycophants sapping the maturity and sense of responsibility of all adults in the community. There is no place for plants that will not stand by themselves or that must be kept under glass, sheltered from reality. We need functioning, full-bodied, responsible citizens, and we need their children.

We need *men*.

END

SOMETHING SUITABLE TO THE WAR

A story that should have been romantic

by Martha Gellhorn

HE SAID his name was um-um-um, and asked if she would dance. He was tall and had a good-natured face that was handsome in a meaningless way, and all his colors were brown. He was English and an artillery major, and when she said yes she would, he followed her upstairs and led her around the floor, holding her at a loose unexciting distance. He seemed strong but he did not know how to dance or else he had no feeling for it. He talked.

"... Wonderful finding a girl who speaks English; you Americans certainly get around; you mean painting pictures of soldiers for a magazine? how amazing! comic band, isn't it? not a bad bar, only ran out of gin twice last week; really awfully nice types, these Dutch girls, but not much to rest the eye on; perhaps you'd like something to eat ..."

They went downstairs in the ugly solid house which was now a British Officers' Club, and lined up at the bar behind two rows of officers' heads and waited for their small glasses of warm gin with some too-sweet synthetic orange extract in it. There was no table; he had forgotten about food. They leaned against a wall in the crowded room, and most of the officers who were without girls looked at her. He felt pleased with himself; he had cornered the only English-speaking girl in the place and the only one with good legs. The legs of the Dutch girls were appalling,

MARTHA GELLHORN has covered Europe, the Orient, and the war as a foreign correspondent and roving journalist; out of these experiences have come many of her short stories and novels.



though the girls were really very nice, and you had to remember what they'd been through.

She did not listen to him because it was not necessary. She listened to the shells that were landing east of the town, and noted for herself the casualness or phlegm of the British, who allowed such a concentration of their officers in one building on a vulnerable and often heavily shelled street. It was none of her business and she was lonely and she liked seeing so many people and after the fourth gin she began to feel at peace.

Upstairs the Dutch three piece band played "God Save the King." It was curfew time for the Dutch girls; civilians were not allowed outdoors after dark. After dark the Germans shelled the town as if they were sloshing water out of a bucket. The civilians mostly went to shelters in the basement of the town hall or the school or the maternity hospital, or to their own cellars.

"I say, now, you've had nothing to eat," the Major said, conscience-stricken.

"It doesn't matter. I'm not hungry."

"Couldn't you come out to my battery and we'll have some sandwiches? I'll take you home afterwards."

"I don't even know the name of the street I live on. It's near a church and the town hall and a football field."

"I'll find it all right."

THEY DROVE OUT in his car, a liberated Renault painted khaki color. It ran well which was unusual with cars these days and it had windows that closed. She could make out nothing on the way. The streets were all the same, lined with square houses, everything gray or brown. In some places the shape was spoiled by being dented or flattened or split by shellfire, but even the ruins had no special identity and looked like each other. After they left the town the land was a dark gray, flat blur, with darker gray trees.

She also could not see, in the night, the place they finally came to. They drove past a sentry and bucked across a rough frozen mud field, and stopped in the stiff grass behind a caravan. She climbed up a short ladder and was inside an untidy

but warm cabin, like a ship's cabin, and there was a bunk to sit on and a folding chair and a small table that swung out from the wall and a short bookshelf behind the bunk and a kerosene stove. It had a surprising air of permanence and home. Evidently the Major was devoted to his caravan and proud of it.

"Not bad, is it?"

"Lovely," she said.

A batman, looking startled and automatically complaisant, stuck his head in the door, at the level of her feet.

"Do you want anything, sir?"

"Could we have some sandwiches and tea, Bullock; the lady hasn't had supper."

"Yes, sir." The batman smiled too much. She smiled back with a forcefully sincere smile, knowing what he thought, and not allowing him to get away with it.

The Major was suddenly troubled, for no woman had ever been here and he did not know how to entertain her, though on the way out he had thought of many things he wished to say. He reached behind him for a book and said, "Do you like poetry?"

"Yes." What would happen, she thought, if I said, I spit on it, I cannot bear the stuff, I think all poetry stinks. But she had no desire to alarm or hurt him; only she was tiring of a conversation like custard pudding.

"Here's something I like." To her amazement, he began to read, and read well, a passage from *The Waste Land*.

The batman interrupted and there were very thick, very dry corned beef sandwiches and coal black tea in heavy china mugs. The Major was all right again and told her the story of his life. He had acquired the taste for T. S. Eliot at Cambridge. He had studied law and was really getting started in London when the war began; he had been in since the beginning and had gone through the Italian campaign and been in this push from Normandy on. He had a wife and two children and was thirty-four. Now you tell me, he said, and she told him nothing, but enough to make it seem as if they were exchanging confidences.

She had nothing not to tell, and she did not feel she had anything to tell. She was gluttoned on everyone's life and on her

own. She was always busy, tired, and often excited, but inside herself she was dry with boredom, because of the enormous effort of war and the pointlessness of every day. People and their lives should have a beginning, a middle, and an end, like any proper story; but now the beginnings and middles and ends were all packed together into a few hours. You met men and heard from them their greatest secrets, and told your own if you felt like it, and a few hours later they were lost. you would never see them again; whether they lived or died. they were lost in the roar and hurry and imperative confusion. You heard everything and knew nothing. you saw everything and finally felt nothing. Movement alone became exciting, and because it was easier to laugh and much of it was funny in a grotesque way, you laughed. She wanted not to laugh or cry, but only to be quiet and make sense and live in order and grow slowly.

"We ought to go back," she said. "Up at dawn and all. Anyhow we have to allow a few hours for being lost."

"Must you really?"

"It's been a lovely evening," she said, keeping him away with the cordial words. "I'm sorry to drag you out."

"Of course not."

THEN THEY WERE driving back, without lights, in the cloud dark night and the cold, feeling their way along the road at five miles an hour. The outskirts of the town looked now like a dead factory, not like a place where people had lived, but when they came near the center they saw a warm rose light, leaping and soaring, the only beautiful thing she could remember seeing in this place, in the ten days she had been here. A shell had ignited a house, which had passed the fire on, and now three houses were burning with a gay and sparkling noise, and the flames leaped up like bright water, and the air felt warmer. On the pavement a few firemen dragged hopelessly at a thick hose. There was no watching crowd due to the curfew. The other houses around there seemed already to have been gutted by shellfire and abandoned.

"Let's help them," she said. "They looked discouraged. I love fires."

"Righto," he said, very cheerful, for this was a new way to spend one of the endless same nights. He parked the car farther on in the dark hoping that if the flames directed the German artillery, they would be little gentlemen about it and not smash his transport.

"Want a hand?" the Major shouted to the first fireman. The fireman's face was so smeared with soot that she could not tell whether he was young or old or what he might be feeling about this fire. The fireman did not understand English and could not hear anyway. The sound of the flames was like a great draft groaning up a chimney. The fireman waved his arm at them to stand back.

"Uncoöperative fella," the Major said.

"What?"

"Uncoöperative."

She also had not heard, but nodded. The fire was beautiful. She had never been close to a big fire; ordinarily there would be police cordons and many occupied people and you would have to stand far away, but now she could feel it, dreadful and free and wild, pouring over the drab little Dutch houses. A beam fell near them, and the Major pulled her back.

"I suppose there is some point in keeping a safe distance," he said.

But she would not stay back, where the fire lost its power and danger, she wanted to be close to it, she wanted to fight it—not really to put it out, because it was beautiful and exactly what should happen, but because of the pleasure in struggling with it. A pride of lions, she thought suddenly, watching the flames climb into the night.

"Come on," she shouted, in a voice the Major had not heard. She ran to the fireman standing nearest the flame-melted walls of the house, and seized the hose behind him. The fire brigade had been considerably weakened because of the able-bodied men having joined the Resistance and now being both gallant and important with the English and American troops. It would have been better, the fireman thought, if they'd stuck to their same old jobs, since there were more fires in the last two weeks than he could remember in the past fifteen years. And it was war

work too; it was almost as good as being a soldier. The hose was heavy and it needed men behind it to support it, so he could direct it freely. Not that it was going to do any good, for these houses would go like the others.

Then suddenly the hose was easier to handle, lighter, and he looked around and saw in the glare a girl, hatless, with long dark hair blowing and the fire bright in her eyes, laughing and pulling at the hose and behind her, a very tall officer, whose face looked determined yet puzzled. The Major was thinking that the girl was quite mad, obviously, but on the other hand this was a good useful show, and if the fire could be put out, it was only right to try and help.

Sparks fell on them, and when the Major's hand was burned he again considered that this was dangerous work and suddenly he dropped the hose and sprang forward to brush a coal from the girl's hair. The Major was momentarily shaken by the feel of her hair.

Another beam fell and one of the four firemen shouted something in Dutch, always an ugly language and not improved by being screamed above the roar of a fire. The fireman in front of the girl dropped the hose, took her arm and pulled her across the street, with the Major following. The fireman was running,



and the girl, blinded by looking into the dark after the redness of the flames, stumbled after him. The fireman went on pulling her until he got under the porch of a house across the street. The three of them stood there in silence, soot-streaked and hot and winded, and watched a burning house front slide into the street, first solidly like a picture in a dream, and then crumbling and noisy.

There was nothing more to do except keep the houses on either side of the fire sprayed with water, and wait for the flames to die down for lack of anything more to burn. The girl did not want to watch the taming of this fire.

"That's that," she said to the Major.

"Well," he said.

THEY WALKED UP the street to his car. The German artillery had been working over the northern section of the city, but it was almost inaudible against the noise of the fire. Now, away from the already quieter flames, they could hear it, ranging.

"Mortars," said the Major. He disliked mortars with a knowing professional dislike. She was practical or resigned in the matter. Unless you stayed permanently in a deep cellar there was nothing to do about mortars, as there was no warning. Shells were different. She objected to shellfire because of the incoming scream which made your stomach tight and cold even when your mind knew this one would not get you.

They stood by the car, the Major thinking. The Germans could do what they liked with their artillery; the entire town was in range, and they had everything they needed to destroy it. There was no predicting their mortar fire, as they had no definite targets. He did not know what to do. Were he alone, he would now have driven back to his nice safe battery, which only received reasonable and legitimate counter-battery fire from time to time. He had to get the girl home and he had to drive through the town. Was it better to race through, as fast as he could go in the dark, or to try to find a circular way around to the south, possibly out of range or at any rate beyond the area the Germans normally bothered with?

She said, "Well, let's start getting lost."

"I can't think which is the best way to go."

"Head down and through it," she said. "We'll never find our way if we start getting fancy."

"Hope so," he said, not too happily. But he could see that she was enjoying herself. This was part of the excitement of the fire. She was either mad, or else she was new to this business. He found himself remembering the feel of her hair, and he looked at her and thought, with a mixture of desire and nerves: one certainly meets strange people . . .

They crossed the center of the town without accident and heard a mortar shell explode behind them but now he put his foot down hard on the accelerator, for the street here was long and straight. They passed the town hall, and two shells sliced overhead landing in the neighborhood of the American army hospital.

"Go slow," she said. "We turn somewhere around here, but I can't see."

He slowed down and she stared out of the window. "I'm looking for that damned football field," she said.

He saw a church steeple to the left and suggested they go that way, and she agreed without conviction. Now they were on a black stretch of road, with sparse houses and many trees.

"Doesn't look right," she said.

"We'll find someone to ask."

"Not likely."

The road was too empty and the houses thinned out and it seemed to him they must have passed the city and be going in the direction of the other front, towards Groesbeek. It would be easy to go too far and find oneself in the German lines.

"Hell," he said.

"Too far."

He turned the car.

"Fun, isn't it?" she said. "What's the time?"

He stretched his arm over to her, as he could not take his eyes from the road, and she said, "One thirty. I'd no idea it was so late."

"Dawn in about six hours," he said.

"Oh, what fun."

"You don't mean it?"

"It's a change. We can sleep in the car."

"Bloody cold."

"We can wrap up in each other." She had not meant this, except as a manner of speaking, but the idea filled him with hope, and he was suddenly neither tired nor worried, and he did not care where they went or when they arrived. By God, he thought, she is an odd one.

They were not covering much ground but they were covering it over and over, and they began to get exasperated with each other, politely.

Where *does* she live, the Major thought, where hadn't they been? It was too bloody incompetent; one had to know one's own billet. Such an ass, she thought, he ought to know this accursed town or have some sense of direction. God knows where he's driven us by now. And then, suddenly, when the exasperation had almost turned into recrimination, they were on her street, she recognized it, directed him with authority, and they stopped before a house which looked exactly like fourteen other houses standing in a row.

THEY WERE SORE with cold, feeling it in their backs and stomachs and even their lips were thick and slow with it. She opened the door with a key which hung on a hook in the most obvious hiding place and he followed her into a dismal little house, of the sort which would once have belonged to a young bank clerk and his ambitious, cleanly wife.

"How did you get this billet?" said the Major.

"Wandered around until I saw an empty house that looked solid and then asked the Mayor for it."

"Are you alone here?"

"Yes."

She had turned on a light, which was shaded in orange silk and hung, like a large useless basket, from the ceiling. She also switched on the electric heater, and they crouched over it. There was a small false fireplace where nothing was intended to burn.

"Filthy little joint, isn't it?" she said.

"Looks rather pleasant to me. But is it a good idea to stay here alone?"

"Yes."

Right, he said to himself, but he could not leave it.

"Are the other houses in this row lived in?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because the people prefer the cellar of the town hall. Have you seen it? They usually get shelled in this neighborhood at night and besides, I suppose a lot of them have been killed around town, and it's made them nervous."

"That's what I meant."

"Oh look," she said, suddenly very tired and very cold, "I know what I'm doing."

Then he was silent and she thought, he only meant to be kind, the futile, tedious young man, so she offered to make him coffee. They were drinking the coffee when she said, "Will you be able to find your way back?"

"Probably not, in the dark. I haven't an idea how we got here."

"Then you'd better stay. There are two beds. You can take off when it's light."

"That's very kind of you," he said, looking at her with wonder.

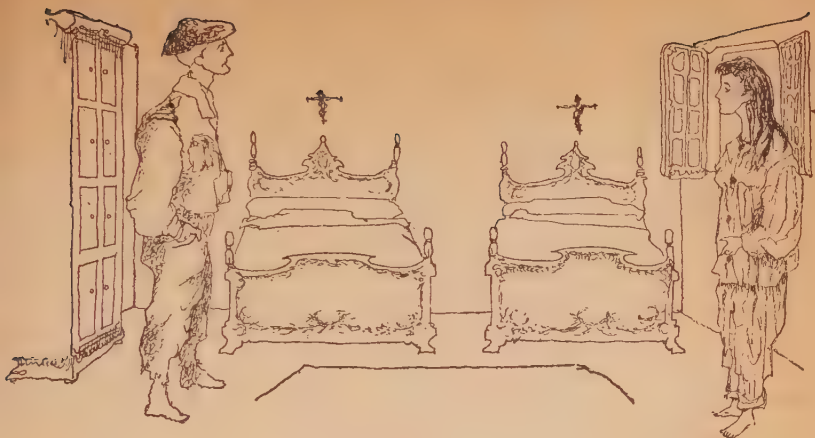
The battery was all right, nothing would happen in the few hours before dawn; and here she was again, making those casual but possibly inviting proposals.

"Let's go to bed," she remarked, and his eyes flicked open with amazement. "I'm dead. The gent's room is under the stairs. Very inconvenient. The rest of the bathroom is on the second floor."

"After you."

"Put out the light then, will you?" she said and left the room.

IT WAS NOT EXACTLY how he imagined beginning a romantic affair or even a romantic night. But there had been no romance at all thus far (we by-passed everything, he thought bitterly, including Paris), and he was willing to assume that this



was the new way, the war way, heartless perhaps, but probably later passionate. And then he thought: Damn it all, it is exciting, I don't know her, and we've fought a fire and gone through a few shells and it's the middle of the night and the Germans are about eight kilometers away and she's got wonderful legs and what more do I want, in the way of excitement, if that isn't enough?

She was in the bathroom when he came upstairs so he had time to note, with renewed wonder, the sleeping arrangements. There were two bedrooms on the second floor, both small and whitewashed, but one of them was empty except for an old-fashioned washstand with a pitcher and bowl on it. In the larger room there was another such washstand, a chest of drawers, a tall oak cupboard, two crucifixes, and two beds, almost touching each other. He was looking at the clearly matrimonial beds when the girl came in and said, "There's no hot water. It's a taunt to have a bathtub when there's never hot water."

"Exactly," he said, because he could think of nothing else.

Her face was fresh and shining, from being washed with soap, and her eyelashes were still wet and sticking together in points. She had brushed her hair and it looked richly animal, like a beautiful fox's tail, he thought, if foxes' tails could be that brown-black color. She was wearing white and blue striped flan-

nel pajamas, which had never fitted her or anyone else, and the jacket hung loosely from her body. Her breasts showed firm and high despite the shapeless weight of the flannel. The Major tried not to stare, and the girl did not seem to notice him in the room. She opened the bed nearest the window and climbed in, and then said, "Ouch, oh my God, these sheets are cold."

"Sheets?"

"Some are on your bed too. Clean ones. Isn't it amazing?"

He stood there still, unable to imagine what happened next.

"I don't know what you'll wear. It seems a pity to sleep in your clothes when there are sheets."

"I'll just wash up," he said, for he was suddenly afraid that she expected him to undress before her, with the unshaded light bulb hanging from the ceiling.

WHEN HE RETURNED from the bathroom the room was dark, the blackout curtain was opened and through the window he could see the smokiness of the night. She said nothing and was only visible as a lump in the bed. He took off his uniform and shirt, his boots and socks, and got into bed in his underwear. Sheets were perhaps more thrilling to think about than to sleep between, he decided, as he lay there shivering. He wanted to be warm before he touched her; there could be nothing more repulsive than an icy hand reaching across the beds. His breathing seemed loud in the darkness. Surely she would say something, or perhaps not, perhaps he was the one to start.

"Good night," he said, softly.

There was a muffled reply, her head must be almost under the blankets.

"I never thought we'd end the evening this way, when I asked you to dance. It's almost too wonderful to be true."

There was no reply, at all, this time. He lay on his back, cold, with his eyes open, and the waste of it overcame him, and he felt sick with disappointment. For tomorrow would be like all the other days and he would go on, forever and ever, stuck in a mud-field in this gray drizzling corner of Holland, talking to the same three men every day of his life, sitting in the same bloody caravan every night, if he weren't checking on the same

bloody guns. The same orders and the same results and the same changes; you moved from one country to another, always doing the same thing, seeing a new face only if someone got killed or wounded. This was the farthest forward he had been with his battery because they were heavies, and it did not seem to make any difference. Life was no more interesting.

He had learned his new trade conscientiously and it bored him and he hated it. He wished he had never seen this bloody girl because then he would have stayed resigned to this kind of war, slow and dreary and uncomfortable and necessary. He would have waited patiently to get deafer and deafer from the guns and more and more numb from the routine and some day the war would be over and he would go back to Iris and the children and never talk of it and forget the whole miserable business. She could at least have said he should sleep downstairs; she did not have to make herself so available, and then freeze on him.

He thought: I'll get up and dress and drive around this filthy country until I find the filthy road and the filthy battery and she can go to bloody hell.

THE GIRL KNEW all this. She knew how he was lying and the tenseness of his body; she knew what he wanted by his voice, and the very idiocy of his words; she knew at what point he gave up, and how he ate his disappointment. And she thought, with rage: Why don't they organize nice clean whorehouses with nice clean sympathetic girls? Why can't they ever find enough local women? Why do they have to be pathetic around me?

She liked and respected these men, though she had only anger and a trapped, lashing resentment against them as they became one man, and that man reaching for her. There were the combat fliers, with their variously affected talk, which served to hide many things. Though they often enjoyed their work, none of them could ignore the evident indications that he might not enjoy anything for long. She did not feel sorry for them as pilots, because they had talent and that curious obsession for flying; she felt sorry for them because of their tough

talk, or their studious silences, their pretentious binges, their terrible haste.

There was the combat infantry, always older-seeming and wearier, with a tiredness that was in their blood, and a sort of brutal absentmindedness and a greed like hunger. For they not only had the indications of mortality, they had fewer chances to be greedy; the days and the weeks and the months when there was nothing except the long ugly waiting and the sudden ugly flowering of war.

There were the combat doctors, who tried to behave as if this were an exceptional postgraduate course in medicine, and who were repelled at the violence they did their morals and their training, since their work was largely patching up the bullfight horses. She had refused men, who were soon afterward killed, and who had made their plea on the grounds that they might easily be killed. She had accepted men who were not killed, though everyone stood that chance. She had accepted them because it seemed to her that the emptiness of their living was as bad as not living. She always knew reasonably that she was a commodity not a person, and it was lonely work in the end. She regretted the refusals and the acceptances, and she wished now to sleep, and only to sleep.

IOWE HIM NOTHING, she said to herself furiously, and he has no right to expect anything. What have I done except hold him off with enough politeness to choke an ox? All I did was offer the clot a place to sleep and thaw out, so that he shouldn't roam the roads all night. I assumed he was tired, she thought. But she knew enough about them all to separate the two categories; the ones who wanted to make love, and the ones who wanted to make love because they hoped for something else, a miracle, magic, truth suddenly appearing in this well-organized inescapable untruth of war. The Major was one who needed a miracle. There are no miracles, she said to herself, and with despairing weariness, she stretched out her hand and touched his cheek.

He was beside her at once, and she was grateful to him for not speaking. His hands were cold and he was shivering, and he

did not speak because he did not dare, he would not know what words to use for such a woman. His hands and his breathing were clumsy and for one moment he was afraid he would fail. It mattered so much, it mattered horribly, and he felt she would change her mind, without explanation and without caring, unless he made haste. He was a bad lover but she had expected nothing else and she wanted nothing. She was passive and unhelpful and in her mind she could hear only the sound of herself saying *no*. Then it was over, and first she thought, one fusses too much about too little, and then she thought, in a flash of hate and spite, that will teach him to go around grabbing for miracles.

He lay beside her, and thought nothing and only felt his body as a thing all in one piece, stilled and secure and warm. Then, quite quickly, though he tried not to think, he knew exactly what he had had. He was shaken with loneliness and he turned away from her, longing for Iris, who loved him, and who would now have let him know, somehow, that she respected him and was glad and felt for him with tenderness.

He wondered how soon he could move back into his own bed and he wondered how to end this silence. The girl had not spoken at all. The coldness between them ate into him. He said, in a whisper, for he was not sure what his voice would do, "Thank you." When he was back in his bed, he thought he would never sleep; he would spend all the nights from now on going over that empty and hateable moment when he understood how he had had this woman. He slept at once.

THE DAYLIGHT OR HABIT woke him, and he dressed silently, and stood at the foot of the bed, watching the girl. She looked different in sleep; he could not believe she was the same one he had so urgently and uselessly taken possession of. Her face looked tired and thinner than he remembered it, and sad. He wanted to tell her he was sorry, because of that sadness in her face. Then he wanted to say nothing, and escape, for when her eyes were open she would be herself again, and he did not want to see what might be in her eyes.

He began to go over it, in the car driving back to the battery,

and surprised himself by what he felt was a new hardness. It had been nothing and worse than nothing, but he would remember it, every night in the caravan, and often through all the muddy, rainy, snowy, dusty days. Slowly, or perhaps soon, he would make it into something amazing. He would have to, because there would probably be nothing to replace that memory and you could not live with a memory that was like having fallen downstairs or having knocked the plate out of a waiter's hand, only much worse.

He would start remembering her face in the morning, and he would change the look of sadness into something else, something sweet and loving, and he would work back from that, to a night that had never happened.

It was not as if he could lose her in many others; an officer did not take up with the women who were left in the pitiful villages or shabby towns that the army overran. Those women always seemed to him like casualties in a street accident, as if they had been maimed by the passage of the armies; and the sordid copulations of the soldiers—a dirty bed, a wall, a hayloft, a bare field, the back of a camion—were tragic: the destroyed women consoling the lost men. Besides he would be faithful to Iris; he would not risk such a night again.

Still, it would be a memory, and one day it would be a strange romantic memory, not happy, but not unhappy, something suitable to the war.

WHEN SHE WOKE, she saw the creased pillow beside her and remembered the Major. She rolled over, so as not to see that bed, and if possible to forget the Major. She closed her eyes, hoping to sleep again, and suddenly found herself thinking, with horror, I don't even know his name. My God, she thought, it's gotten that bad; not even knowing his name. She would stay in bed all day, all week, a year, until the war was over. And when she got up, she would be somebody else, a fragile golden-haired girl of eighteen, she thought, who knew absolutely nothing about anything at all. Her mouth felt as if she had been eating sand, and she turned and pressed her face into the pillow to shut out the light of this day.

END

The map (right) demonstrates how each country hopes to slice the South Polar pie; and (below) Antarctica's strategic relation to the rest of the world

Map by Harold Faye



BEHIND THE ICY CURTAIN

Strategic Antaretica, goal of an international scramble, can be a boon to the world—or a *casus belli*

by Lee Hargus

THE RACE TO CLAIM Antarctica is on. For the Polar land is not only the last unexploited continent, but potentially a key base for global military strategy. Will it become another battleground of rival imperialisms, as were 18th-century North America and 19th-century

Africa, or will the United Nations of the 20th century find a new way to deal with an old problem? The six million square miles of unused territory clustered about the South Pole can be a boon to all nations—or a *casus belli*. No one has issued an ultimatum, but neither has anyone gone out of his way to

make voluntary concessions.

At the moment, the vast frozen land mass, larger than the United States and Europe together, is blowing up an international storm involving every major and several minor powers. Already engaged in the race are the United States, Great Britain, Russia, France, Argentina, Chile, Brazil, Belgium, Holland, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Australia, New Zealand, and others. At least ten nations, starved for mineral resources, are preparing expeditions to the region. If it turns out to be as rich a prize as it now appears, its future may well be a troubled one.

THE EXPLOSIVE force that has awakened ambitions to annex this bleak and frozen area has come from one source: minerals. For in 1947 everyone knows that minerals may mean uranium and that uranium means atomic energy. Besides 136 varieties of metal, the icebound continent has the world's largest coal supply, plus unknown quantities of petroleum. Even without uranium, these make Antarctica of prime importance to countries facing a foreseeable exhaustion of such resources. Finally, startling as it may seem, Ad-

miral Byrd hopes that the eternal ice may be used as a deep-freeze locker for the world's excess perishable food in good crop years.

It is for these practical reasons that some responsible government leaders in Washington believe the United States must, for military and economic reasons, control the South Polar continent.

The latest move to bolster United States territorial claims was Admiral Byrd's 4,000-man, twelve-ship Task Force 68. "Operation High Jump" slipped under the wire ahead of its competitors—an exhibition of Navy speed that may have far-reaching consequences—and remained in the Antarctic five months, returning to the United States when the brief polar "summer" ended and the long "winter" set in. Its aims were partly scientific but mainly—and quite frankly—military: (a) to train personnel and test equipment in frigid zones (away from the North Pole, where Soviet territory adjoins); (b) to develop techniques for operating bases under arctic conditions; and (c) to reinforce United States claims in the area.

The Navy denied that this was a race for uranium, but pointed out that the expedition afforded its 300 scientists "an unequalled opportunity to amplify existing sci-

LEE HARGUS, formerly a newspaper editor, is now Technical Director for the command in charge of Operation High Jump's airborne electronics.

entific data." Planes of the expedition flew over vast, largely unexplored areas. Such devices as radar and aerial photography were put to work to uncover new data on resources or on the possible value of the Antarctic in any future war strategy, and to check on the explorations of other nations.

A much less publicized American expedition, but one which gives us a glimpse of the kind of jockeying that is going on, is that commanded by a Naval Reserve arctician, Commander Finn Ronne, and sponsored by the American Geographical Society. Ronne's innocent-looking ship, actually a floating laboratory loaded with scientists, sailed last January for Marguerite Bay. Located on the west coast of Graham Land peninsula, 1,500 miles from Little America, Marguerite Bay was the site of the U. S. Antarctic Service Expedition of 1939-1941, and is theoretically an American base.

At the same time, to the surprise of everyone, a large, well-equipped British mission also turned up at Marguerite Bay. Britain, it turned out, had quietly maintained a corps of about a dozen scientists and three ships there throughout the war, and the new expedition was a relief party.

It was thereafter reported in Washington, but officially denied,

that the State Department ordered the British mission to decamp from huts erected there by Admiral Byrd on his previous visit, so that Commander Ronne's party could use them. A British Foreign Office communiqué then warned that the base was "too crowded to accommodate both the British mission and the expedition of Commander Ronne," and emphasized that the territory was "British." Washington announced that "the United States does not recognize the expedition plans of other countries and reserves all rights in the area."

Other developments in the growing struggle for the ice-capped continent include such "travel notes" as the following:

A TEN-SHIP Soviet flotilla carrying scientists to the Palmer Peninsula; a "research" expedition by the Argentine transport *Patagonia*; preparations by Chile to "establish contact with that most remote corner of the national territory"; pressing of a French Foreign Office claim to Adélie Land; an Australian reconnaissance patrol plus a "permanent" expedition to the ice-free "oasis" discovered by High Jump's fliers; and last, a joint British-Norwegian-Swedish expedition to Queen Maud Land.

Behind these overlapping claims and competing expeditions lies a history of exploration which began in earnest in 1772-75, when an Englishman, Captain James Cook, crossed the Antarctic Circle. In 1819 Captain Thaddeus von Bellinghausen of Russia claimed discovery of the first land south of the Antarctic Circle. In 1837, Commodore Wilkes of the United States Navy, traversed an arc of 70° and claimed a vast area. The first man to reach the South Pole itself was a Norwegian, Roald Amundsen. By 1840 four hundred whaling and sealing vessels were in Antarctic waters. Their motley nationalities remain in Antarctic place names.

All told, areas are expected to be claimed by eleven nations, in about the following proportions: United States, two fifths; Australia, one third; Great Britain, one quarter; Norway, one quarter; France, one fifth; Chile, one fifth; Argentina, one fifth; Belgium, one fifth. Holland's and Russia's exact demands are unknown. Those fractions add up to nearly two and one third of the total area.

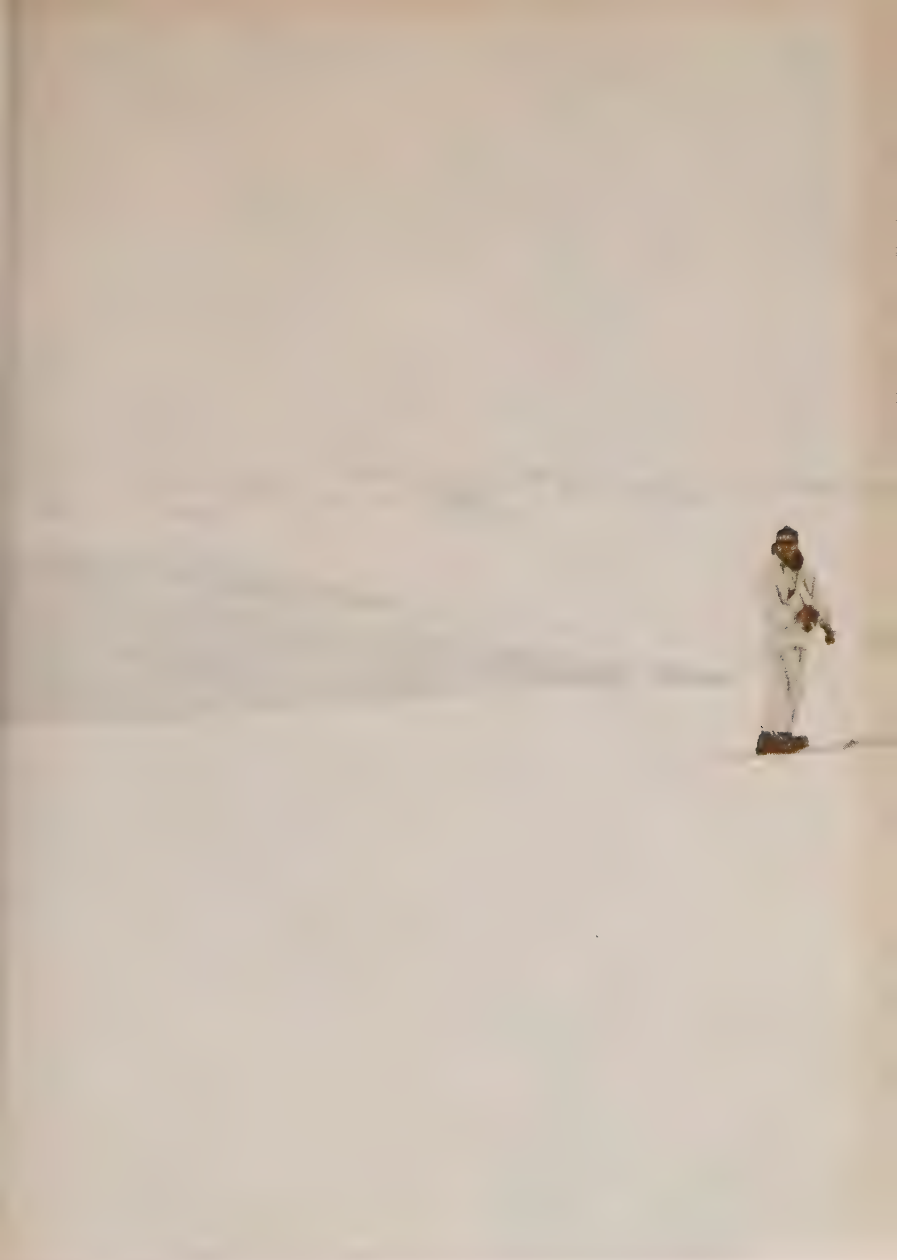
All these nations have staked their claims in what has been described as the "battleground of a sinister ice age in its flood tide." Within its confines there is practically no animal life—and an

even greater scarcity of plant life. Explorers have found it the coldest place in the world, colder than the Arctic by an average of fifty degrees, and swept by pounding gales and blinding snowstorms. On his last venture, Admiral Byrd recorded a temperature of -90° Fahrenheit. Four million square miles of the continent's six million have never been seen by human eye. Almost all of it is covered with level, monotonous *névé*, which looks like tiny rice grains, is neither sleet nor snow, and is a chief reason why land locomotion is so slow. To human spectators the whole scene seems unreal—especially because there are no shrubs, trees, or houses to serve for perspective or as measuring sticks. When the wind isn't fuming, it's the world's quietest spot.

In many places frigid mountain ranges soar up through the ice to 15,000 feet. Navy airmen recently sighted and photographed mountain peaks higher than any in the United States — perhaps a last link in the towering Andes of South America, the final upthrust of the chain before it dies in the smaller mountains of the Edsel Ford range in Marie Byrd Land.

The present icecap, geologists believe, is comparatively new. A huge seam of coal near the South

Photographs by Fred Sparks



skier stands on a vast ice cap under which lie 136 known minerals, perhaps including uranium



Little America IV is now deserted, but the U.S.A. plans to establish a permanent Antarctic ci

Pole proves that the area was once covered with vigorous vegetation, that eons ago Antarctica was warmer, perhaps tropical.

Except for small nooks of bare land and the various mountain ranges, the region is now covered with an ice layer believed to have an average thickness of more than 2,000 feet. Average altitude of the land beneath the ice is 6,000 feet, twice that of Asia. The South Polar plateau is about 10,000 feet above sea level.

All of this has bearing on the weather conditions that prevail at the Pole and these in turn affect the weather of the entire world. Operation High Jump described the area as a great wind laboratory which ejects blasts in every direction, blowing ice seaward and forming an ice girdle completely around itself. Chilled by the frigid wastes, air flows toward the equator's warmer atmosphere, and the warm tropical air rises and circulates back to the frigid zones; thus earth's weather is created by the interaction of these great masses of warm and cold air.

Almost no rain ever falls; and the average snowfall is less than two feet a year. Using radar and other devices, the Navy's meteorologists are also studying the area's storms, whose terrible births cannot be predicted more than

four hours in advance. The sum of their studies is expected to benefit all the world's weathermen. It will also furnish a preview of what faces any attempt to establish a settlement there.

Thus far, permanent residence on Antarctica has been restricted to its icebound shore line, with birds, mostly skua gulls, and seals its only continuous inhabitants. One of these permanent residents is the haughty, white-vested emperor penguin, which weighs up to ninety pounds and often lives for thirty years. Seals and blue whales abound, but the whales annually migrate to warmer waters to breed. Extensive studies of the seals, a species which does not produce marketable fur, show that some do not migrate north in the autumn, apparently preferring to wage a continual battle for existence during the long winter night. Any opening in the ice will freeze over solidly in a few hours, and the seal must keep gnawing open a hole through which to breathe.

Although the Arctic regions abound in several hundred species of flowering plants and ferns, the Antarctic supports only two forms of tufted grass, and these cannot be said to flourish. Sometimes plant life is found in moist valleys protected from the wind. American explorers discovered the most

southerly, recorded plant life, tiny primitive lichens, growing just south of latitude 86° on the northern exposure of a mountain. In this environment, lichens grow no larger than the head of a pin.

In spite of its rigors, Antarctica's climate is extremely healthful. Respiratory diseases are rare because conditions are unfavorable for the growth of bacteria. Any disease germs encountered usually are brought by visitors themselves.

One of the most interesting and promising discoveries made by the latest Byrd expedition was that remarkable ice-free "oasis" of muddy green lakes dotted with mounds, five hundred feet high, of apparently dark-brown earth. This possible Shangri-La is hidden in a forty-mile-wide land-of-the-lakes region in the vicinity of the Knox coast. Its disclosure raises the question whether the area may be warm enough to support year-round human settlements.

Operation High Jump also solved a few crucial mechanical problems. The Antarctic snow is more powdery than that in temperate zones, and the slightest gust of wind causes a blinding swirl as dangerous to a traveler as a blizzard. An airplane landing strip may be cleared of snow and five minutes later be completely cov-

ered again. Also, it takes four bucketsful of melted snow to make a cup of drinking water. To overcome this, Byrd's engineers developed special snow heaters.

All of Task Force 68 returned to the United States. But other and even larger expeditions to protect Uncle Sam's interests are just around the corner. The Navy has even completed final plans to establish a permanent city on the ice. Byrd declares that the United States already has fulfilled three of the four prerequisites* to filing a claim on new territory but expresses hope that the Antarctic will be set aside "for the benefit of humanity."

Man cannot support himself in the Antarctic, but with elaborate precautions he can maintain himself there long enough to thaw out some of its deep-frozen secrets. And scientists dream of the day when, possibly, a giant self-feeding atomic power plant at the South Pole may provide the means of thawing out Nature's ice box and benefiting mankind.

Before that can come to pass, and perhaps more of a problem than all the winds and ice, the question of who shall control Antarctica must be answered. **END**

*These are: (1) discovery; (2) exploration; (3) reducing to possession [settlement, etc.]; (4) exerting national^o authority.



Operation High Jump tested military equipment like this suit for swimming in sherbet



"Darling, at times like this it seems we've never been separated."

MY NOT SO G.O.P.

A leading Republican challenges his party to embrace liberalism—or lose again

by Bartley C. Crum

IN 1944, LIKE MANY fellow Republicans, I supported the fourth term bid of Mr. Roosevelt. I did so because I felt there was cowardice in the Republican Convention in Chicago. I believed that in spite of similar cowardice in the Democratic Convention, a better chance of winning the peace lay with Mr. Roosevelt.

My vote in 1944 did not mean that I was under any illusions about the Democratic Party. I knew, as my fellow independent voters knew, that its irreconcilable forces* were being held together through the political genius of the President. I therefore remained

a Republican. I should like to continue to be a Republican.

But the Republican Party, in order to win the 1948 presidential election, must prove to the majority of the voters that it can successfully govern the American people in this tragic, uneasy, post-war world. It has yet to do so, and the time is running out. I believe it can do so only by becoming the party of progress and of liberalism. It has no other place to go.


The administration of President Truman, after the election debacle of November, 1946, went far to the right; so far, indeed, that the favorite 1946 statement of the Republican hierarchy that the Democratic Administration was guided "by the radical left wing group" became worse than an exaggeration. It became ridiculous.

President Truman snatched the "Red issue" from the Republican

•BARTLEY C. CRUM, San Francisco lawyer, was Wendell Willkie's West Coast campaign manager in 1940. His book on Palestine, *Behind the Silken Curtain*, was a recent best-seller.

*For a study of these "irreconcilable forces," watch for Adolph A. Berle, Jr.'s article on Democratic Party machinery in an early issue of '47.





National Committee. He also licked John L. Lewis. He stood up to Joe Stalin and the Politburo. It is a fact that the President caught the Grand Old Party strategists in swimming, and walked off with all their clothes. It is no accident, then, that many a rock-ribbed Republican is saying today, "Harry Truman is not so bad."

A Tweedledum Republican for a Tweedledee Truman will not mean a Republican in the White House in 1948. Between two parties, both of which stand for extreme conservatism, the voters will choose Mr. Truman.

Both political parties continue to exist in terms of election machinery. This machinery is vital, so vital that the absence of it makes a third party practically an impossibility, but it is not enough to oust the party in executive power. And in the public mind, the Republican Party, like the Democratic Party, has ceased to exist in terms of principle.

There is reason for this. Until the death of Franklin Roosevelt, the Democratic Party was hampered by the confusion and conflict of serving two masters, the entrenched Southern Reactionary and the Northern New Dealer. In spite of the conflict, President Roosevelt met the surging call for social legislation in the '30s, and

remained, in the collective mind of the American people, their friend. The hard core of the Democratic Party, the Southern Democrats and the political bosses of the great northern cities, remained conservative. They were held to the Roosevelt program by a solid fact—the success of Mr. Roosevelt in persuading the people to vote for him. Upon his death these conservative forces assumed control; they are unlikely to lose it soon.

The Republican Party, smarting under the repudiation of President Hoover in 1932, and eager for power, sought on the one hand to reassure the most conservative of the leaders of the enterprise system—such as Joe Pew. At the same time it tried, in presidential election years, to win the votes of the masses of the people. The result has not been good for the enterprise system, or the Republican Party, or the country. It has made the Republican Party synonymous with the enterprise system, and the enterprise system synonymous with reaction.

In 1936, as candidate of the G.O.P., Governor Alf M. Landon fought to define a more liberal position for it. In 1940, Wendell Willkie supplied a dynamic liberal leadership that roused the country. In 1944, Tom Dewey tried to echo some of these liberal

pronouncements. One may have doubted Governor Landon's ability to carry out his promises, or, in the light of the record, Governor Dewey's intention of honoring those he made in 1944. The significant fact is that the policies advocated and followed by the Congressional leaders of the party have cast doubt upon the sincerity of any liberal pronouncement by a G.O.P. presidential candidate.

The Congressional and Party leadership has made the G.O.P. known as the party of privilege instead of the party of the people. The result is that it has not held the presidency since Mr. Hoover's defeat in 1932.

THE PROBLEM this poses is just as serious for the American people as a whole as it is for the liberals within the Republican Party; for no nation can permanently remain a political democracy with only one party in continuous executive power. Yet the Republican Party shows promise of repeating its mistake; that is, the mistake of merely imitating the party in power in order to get into power.

In foreign affairs, for example, the Republican Party avowedly follows a "bipartisan" policy. This means, at least to the public, that the Democratic Administra-

tion calls the shots. If the policy is unsuccessful, the Republicans share the responsibility and blame. If the policy is successful, the Democratic Administration will claim—and will get—the credit.

The Republican Party cannot win in 1948 by following a "Me, too!" policy in 1947.

Progressive and liberal Republicans have but one road to take. A third party in 1948 is an escapist illusion. A liberal second party can become a fact. Such Republicans as Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon, for example, know that if we are to avoid the fatal error of a multiparty system, as in France, or a one-party system, as in the Soviet Union, we must work toward a dominant coalition of liberal forces within the Republican Party structure. Remaining Republicans, we must convince the party that there need be no conflict between a society built upon economic incentive and a society based upon human welfare, either within the limits of our national boundaries or within our small one world.

The Republican Party was born in 1854. The tragedy of war between the states was already heavy in the air. It was the party of liberals, the party of freedom. In four short years the Republican Party climbed over the putrefying

corpse of the Whig Party. It put Mr. Lincoln in the White House. Abraham Lincoln represented the Republican policy of facing the political facts of life.

Throughout its history, the Republican Party has faced the questions of the time. The day before he died, William McKinley made a speech advocating lower tariffs to improve our foreign relations. Theodore Roosevelt was the first President to propose openly that the powers of government be used to effect more equitable distribution of wealth. The Republican Party sponsored the pure food laws. It enlarged the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission. It passed antitrust laws, and other reforms taken for granted today. William Howard Taft was the first president of the League to Enforce Peace, the ideological predecessor of the League of Nations and of the United Nations.

EX-GOVERNOR STASSEN, of all the candidates for the Republican nomination, seems most aware of the need for a return to the high tradition of the Republican Party. However, he can be nominated only by Republican grass roots demand, and then only if those who presently control the party machinery are convinced they cannot win without him.

Whether the candidate be Stassen, Dewey, Vandenberg, or Warren, progressive Republicans want a vigorous program. They realize that the American ivory tower crashed to the ground along with Hiroshima. The fact, already dramatized by Wendell Willkie, that no nation can survive without co-operation with other nations, became incontestable.

How the final peace of the world is shaped will affect the children born in any state of our American Union. A liberal Republican program will therefore contain the pragmatic realization that the United States must lead the way in breaking down trade barriers. Liberal Republicans ask for unequivocal recognition by their party of the leadership the United States must assume in world affairs, not unilaterally, but, co-operatively. The United States must be a vital moral and political force in the United Nations.

All polls showed that Senator Vandenberg's strong plea for support, understanding, and appreciation of international co-operation increased his popularity. Thus, an understanding of the imperative need for a strong world organization is not only logical for the nation within one world, but also for the party that wants to win.

The Republican progressive

looks for frank acknowledgment of the relationship of federal and state governments to the economic life and social well-being of the citizens of the Republic. Free enterprise must be responsible enterprise. The legislative program must be practical, must recognize that co-operation among management, labor, and government is the only solution likely to ensure a fair, flexible economy. In framing such a program, the Republican Party would be wise to listen to the experienced voice of Senator Wayne Morse.

The Republican program should recognize labor's contribution to this democracy. Republicans in the House and Senate should sponsor progressive legislation reaffirming the party's onetime policy of providing our citizens with protection necessary to their time.

The liberal Republican program should stress one of the first planks of the early Republican leadership—the moral issue of human freedom and the absence of restrictions or distinctions based on race, creed, or color. As the instrumentality through which Negroes were first given freedom the Republican Party has a moral obligation to Negroes today.

In political terms, it is beyond debate that if a liberal Republican Party broke its alliance with the

Southern Bourbons, it would speed up the abolition of all the devices by which not only Negroes but Whites are kept voteless and impotent. This would mean an actual rather than a potential Negro vote even in the deep South. It would, among other things, hasten the exit from public life of the Ranks, Bilbos, and Eastlands.

Our scientists tell us it is only a

matter of years before any nation in the world will be able to build bombs that can destroy us all. The Republican Party cannot evade, compromise with, or refuse to face life as it is. Its chance of winning next year's election depends on its facing the issues of our times. If it does, it will win. If it does not, President Truman will be elected President in 1948.

END

47 Footnote

Comments from Republicans

Mr. Crum's article was sent to a number of leading members of his party. Following are excerpts from the replies:

I am happy to say that I do agree with Mr. Crum's broad contention that the Republican Party—and indeed any party which aspires to useful public service—must be modern-minded. His statement that “there need be no conflict between a society built upon economic incentive and a society based upon human welfare” strikes me as eminently sound.

Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr.

* * *

Every Republican should take to heart what Mr. Crum has to say The time has come for a truly liberal Republican leadership.

Russell W. Davenport

* * *

I think that middle-of-the-road liberals within the Republican Party are performing a constructive service to the party by pointing out from time to time that a reactionary economic program, such as was espoused by the Republican Party in the 80th Congress, does not serve either the best interests of the party or of the country. . . . If my party is to become the political instrumentality which carries out the desires and best interests of all of our people, it must stop being the political pawn of big business. It must recognize that under a republican form of government no political party has a right to survive unless it does all that it can to protect the economic weak from the exploitation of the economic strong, and accomplish that end within the framework of a private property economy and in accordance with the guarantees of our Constitution, including its precious bill of human rights.

Wayne Morse
U. S. Senator from Oregon

TOUGH BUTTON

**To the paesanos of Hoboken,
a hodcarrier turned brick-
layer was a traitor. A story**

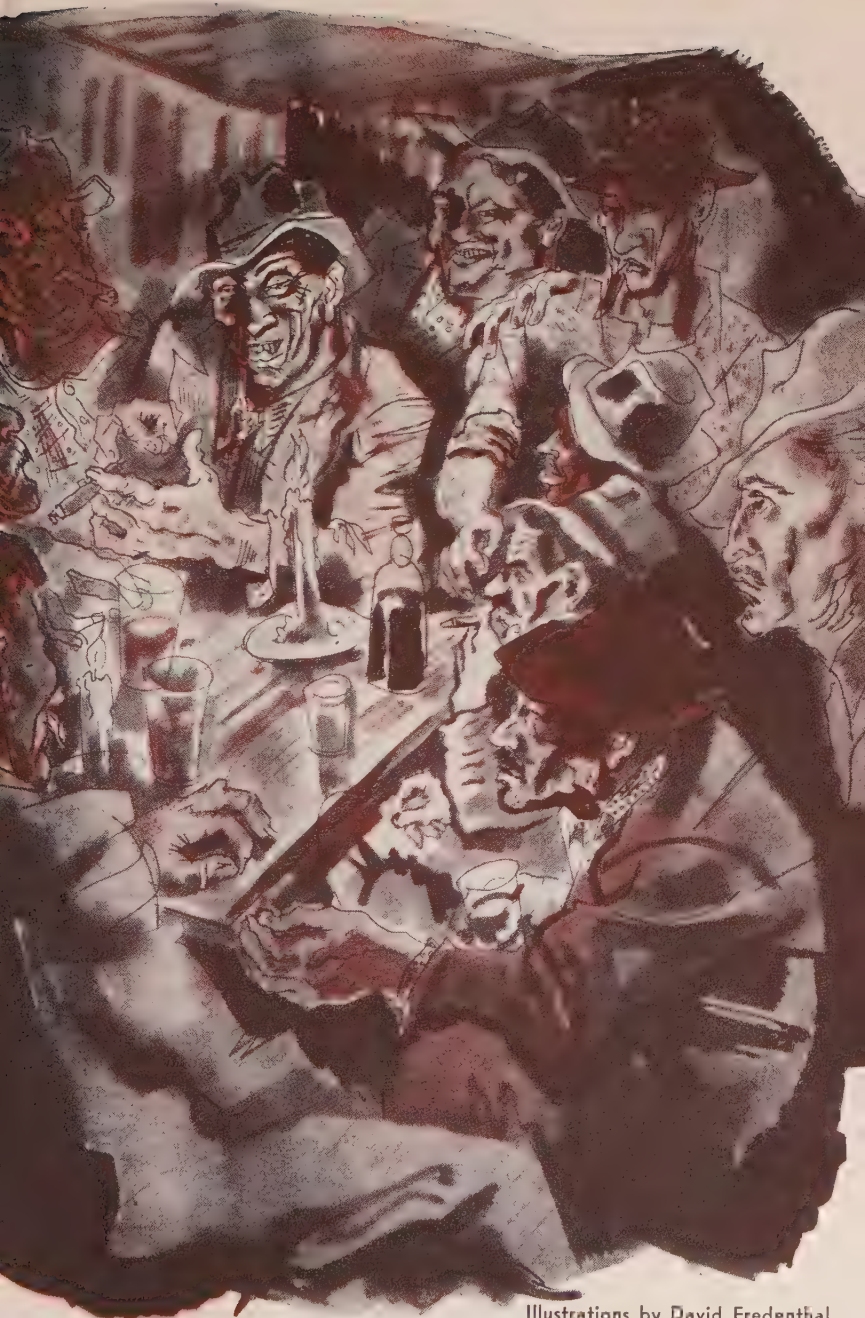
by Pietro Di Donato

WHEN THE BROTHERS ANGELINI—Annibal the Vain, Attilio the Dude—came to this country in steerage, Tito and Santo Lupo were their very dearest friends. They had protected each other since they were infants in Abruzzi. At confirmation they had pledged undying union and become famous as the Little Godfathers. In America they sought out paesano girls and married. They enjoyed American wages, following, like their fathers, the calling of hodcarrier.

They insisted on working the same jobs together, and together they accomplished more than eight men, toting hods up ladders, mixing mortar, erecting scaffolds, and properly serving their masters, the bricklayers. Lucky was the contractor who had the brothers Lupo and the brothers Angelini.

Of course their pleasure at being together as much as possible annoyed their wives. "Godfather here, Godfather there," thought the mothers of their children, "when will this coziness of Godfathers have an end?"

Nights and weekends they put on their best clothes and went arm in arm to the "Club," a small windowless room in the rear of Sam Puzzolenti's corner saloon opposite the Church of Saint Rocco. There, with the rest of the hodcarriers, they drank cheap wine, ate salted chick peas, played cards, bowled boccie with



Illustrations by David Fredenthal

stone balls in the backyard, and talked largely about women and the job.

No one actually knows how the Society of the Button started. Was it born in Tito's head, or established on secret orders from some distant authority? Maybe it had been originally founded by Garibaldi, or the Abruzzean poet D'Annunzio, or the Duke of Abruzzi when he dashed to the North Pole with a team of dogs. Well, be that as it may, under the influence of the juice of the grape, or the desire of the West Hoboken hodcarriers to set themselves apart from bricklayers, Sicilians, Neapolitans, Americans, and all such people beyond the pale, the Society of the Button became a fact.

Dominick Lumpback, Teodoro Four-eyes, Vincenzo Toothless, Frederico the Kaiser, Charlie Chaplin, Pepe Dainty-Dainty, Nick Loudmouth, Tobacco-eater, Mario Malatesta, the Angelini and the Lupo boys, and others became a part of the closely knit Society. The only result of all their windy talk was the decision to wear on the underside of their coat lapels a white button. But they continued to carry themselves to Puzzolenti's saloon with great solemnity, and in the airless candlelit clubroom they wore their hats cocked in tough Alpine style, furiously smoked gagging Di Nobili cigars, played cards as though it were for life and death, lounged, shouted, and blasphemed with beautifully horrible oaths.

What would the future of the Button be? Was it related to the Mafia, the Camorra, the sinister Black Hand? Would they be called upon to do daring deeds? It was exciting and frightening to think of the possibilities.

But damn it all, just who was the brains of the Button? Without a doubt the leader in the West Hoboken Dardanelles was Tito Seared-neck—even though he talked so modestly about the “business” of the society. Did the Button control the Camorra, or——? Did the Button put that be-horned stonemason Mussolini in charge of Italy? The very fact that the members of the Button said nothing about anything proved—everything. So

● PIETRO DI DONATO here returns to his world of Italian-born Americans—subject of *Christ in Concrete*, .*

there! Naturally the brothers Lupo and Angelini were the big sticks. Their conferences *sotto voce* were impressive, and the manner in which they tossed their heads *was* significant.

God save it all, had it been left at that it would have been wonderful. But suddenly a building boom came on. Italian building workers were approached by contractors, almost kidnapped on the streets, and offered unbelievable wages. One evening as the Angelinis left the job, a contractor putting up a house on the other side of the street mistook them for bricklayers and begged them to work for him. Up until that moment the Vain and the Dude had been content with their lot in life, but this set them on fire with ambition.

Said Concettina: "Annibal, my husband, cannot you too learn to put brick upon brick? If you were to become a bricklayer I could have a gramophone and even a player-piano like the broad-chested haughty wife of Master Big Nose."

But this was all a dream; a common hodcarrier simply did not become a craftsman of wall-building just by wishing. The Angelini men were no longer the rulers of their households; and yet it excited them to hear their wives urge them thus. Soon, anyone who had stolen down the tenement alley late at night and peeked into the Angelinis' cellar would have seen them: the wives staunchly holding the candles, and the men, fumbling with trowel, level, hammer, brick, and mortar, building and rebuilding trial walls—yes, by the Saints, stealing the art.

THEN ONE DAY, without so much as a good-by, the Angelinis left the job. When they returned a few weeks later they took places up on the walls with the bricklayers. It came out that they had gone to Morristown, New Jersey; had started in for a Jewish contractor as bricklayers—*bricklayers!*—and had managed to purchase bona fide union cards.

The end of the world had come for Tito and Santo Lupo. The members of the Society of the Button were stunned. Tito and Santo mixed mortar and carried bricks in a trembling rage; while up on the scaffolds the Angelini brothers rode high and mighty, shouting loudly for service from their former comrade-hodcarriers. The Vain and the Dude did not have wit enough to

start their new profession amongst strangers. They chose, instead, to stay with the paesanos and act like newly crowned kings. Annibal grew long sideburns and a Hapsburg mustachio, and Attilio wore a green beaver fedora.

As sure as the sun rises, Concettina got her player-piano on the installment plan. Serafina bragged about her brand new sewing machine and simply had to get her heavy feet into tight, pointed, spike-heeled, patent-leather pumps to show off in the fruit store. The sisters-in-law also bruited it about that the day was not far off when their husbands would go to night school, learn to read and write, and become boss contractors.

The tongues of the paesano women worked like a barber's scissors:

"Concettina probably slept with the foreman so that her husband could become a bricklayer."

"That's the America for you."

"They say the Angelini brothers are costing the contractor a fortune with all the mistakes they make on the wall."

"Wait and see. Pride departs on a jackass and returns miserably afoot."

Ill-feeling set in between the Little Godfathers. When Annibal and Attilio appeared in Puzzolenti's saloon, flaunting their newly-capped gold teeth and shiny, department store clothes, Tito and Santo sat apart, glowering. Perhaps the Angelini boys meant no harm. But it remains that the son of a bricklayer must become a bricklayer, and the son of a hodcarrier must always be a hodcarrier.

AT FIRST, although with bad grace and worse jokes, hodcarriers brought them brick and mortar, but then it got so that Annibal and Attilio shouted in vain for material. The contractor was annoyed and told the Angelinis that they might have to return to their wheelbarrows. Annibal and Attilio saw their glorious new world crumbling. They became hysterical.

"Tito!" bawled Annibal to Lupo his friend. "Bring your barrow of brick to me." Tito did not heed him. Annibal stood there shaking helplessly, his trowel in his hand. He shouted to the other hodcarriers. They too spurned him. Annibal jumped

down from the scaffold, shoved Tito from his barrow, and wheeled the bricks to the scaffold. As he hurled bricks upon the scaffold he cursed Tito and his father and mother and brothers and sisters and children and the air he breathed. Tito turned pale and the muscles in his scarred neck twitched violently. Was that the same Annibal whom he had loved from childhood? The paesanos expected Tito to take up his shovel and bash Annibal. The contractor bit his fingers and raised his voice fearfully.

"This bordel-servant is taking the bread from my children!" he cried. "Kill each other—but not on my payroll!"

THAT NIGHT the Society of the Button gathered to discuss their part in the preparations for the coming Feast of the Blessed Virgin. But a shadow was cast over the meeting by Tito's brooding. Finally Bastian blurted: "I would have eaten Annibal alive if he had done that to me!"

Charlie Chaplin said he would have taken Annibal by the throat and thrown him down all six floors to the street.

"Angelini would have been cut into pieces if he had pushed me like that from my wheelbarrow," bellowed Nick Loudmouth.

Tito sucked deeply on his Di Nobili, clenched his jaws, and looked to the ceiling. After keeping them in suspense he said: "My boys, the incident will be answered by the Button."

Thereafter, all kinds of rumors circulated around the Dardanelles concerning the fate of "those who sin against their Godfathers and would tramp us under foot."

On the job, Attilio was made uneasy by the silence of his ex-cronies. In the bricklayers' shanty he revealed to Annibal his anxiety.

"The Button," mocked Annibal, "a handful of lousy donkeys whose chariot is the wheelbarrow." He sounded off for the benefit of the hodcarriers: "The clowns had better have their wives sew that button on the seat of their ragged pantaloons."

Too much, too much. The Society had many meetings. Very little was said that one could tack down, but there were frightful gestures and oaths.

"Patience," said Tito, "I will have the 'word' soon. When it

comes through you will be called upon."

The paesanos shivered. Although no one could truthfully testify whose wife started it, the gossip had it that on the night of the Feast of the Blessed Virgin the Button would strike. As the Feast neared, the tension became unbearable. It was enough to make one want to give one's wife a first-class beating just to blow off steam.

The arrangements for the Feast had been made. The red, white, and green lights and festoons were strung along Central Avenue. The pushcart peddlers from Mulberry Street in New York had arrived and put up canvas canopies and gas lanterns over their wares. The bandstand had been built and decorated, the fireworks planned, and the plaster effigy of the Blessed Virgin in the yard of Saint Rocco's church had been redone with a startling coat of paint. Parked outside St. Rocco's was the horse-drawn carousel that made the children's eyes pop.

The night before the Feast Tito summoned the members to an extraordinary session. The fact of the matter is that no one wanted to show up, but curiosity proved too strong.

After keeping them waiting for hours Tito put a dozen or so white buttons and a single black button on the table.

"The buttons," said Tito in a cool voice, "will be put into a hat. Then in darkness each will pick one. To whom falls the black button . . . to him will the Angelinis be answerable."

Dainty-Dainty felt faint. Bastian swayed. Joe Martell gulped. The Kaiser mumbled that he had the stomach-ache from too many hot peppers. But it was no use. The die was cast. Good-by job; farewell sweet wife and children. All was lost.

Tito ordered the door bolted and guarded. Then he asked for the Kaiser's hat. Ever so slowly he counted out a button for each man, including one black button. When he blew out the candles the paesanos began to sweat. He passed the hat and each man prayed for a white button. The ritual was endless because no one was in a hurry to reach for a button.

"When I light the candles," Tito said at last, "every mother's son, every Christian worthy of the name, will show his button, one by one."

Lips were dry, legs seemed to be made of cork, nerves



Tito prepared the Angelinis' fate

jumped, and heads reeled. Bastian opened his calloused fist, staring hypnotically at his hand. The saints be praised! A white button!

Every man present wished he were in Bastian's shoes. Then Dainty-Dainty, hardly able to breathe, opened his hand. Tears of joy rose to his eyes when he saw, resting in his perspiring palm like a pearl, his white button. Then the Kaiser—white. And white for Joe Martell.

Those who had yet to show their buttons groaned with agonized envy of those who had already escaped. Then it was Loud-mouth's turn; then Charlie Chaplin's—all white, leaving only the Lupo brothers. Santo was deadly pale, and Tito Seared-neck stood motionless, his eyes burning. Santo showed his

button. It was white. The black button had fallen to the leader!

Immediately the other paesanos became like lions, raging against the brothers Angelini. So those clodhoppers dared to become bricklayers and to demand to be served brick and mortar and to be called Masters Annibal and Attilio! Hah!

After they had drunk themselves into soddenness they shook hands firmly with Tito and left for home with their cigars jutting aggressively from their mouths, their hats pulled down far to the side.

Tito remained sitting at the little round table all night, smoking, drinking grappa, and thinking, in the flickering light of the candle, of his fate.

The next morning he went home to his tenement flat. He brought out a nickel-plated revolver from the old-world trunk stored under the bed. As he oiled the pistol and sighted down the barrel, his wife Maria prayed to Saint Michael at the votive lamp in the bedroom. Tito's children watched their father in admiration as he loaded the revolver.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN sent warm and sunny weather for the occasion. The stout paesano women were out early with their big oilcloth shopping bags, haggling and chattering in the meat-markets and fruit stores. The Angelini wives were there, calling in shrill voices for the "best" salami and prosciutto, the "best" head of pig, the "best" broccoli, garlic, olive oil, and eggplants. The men, shaven, mustachios brushed, dressed in collar, tie, and the one and only suit, stood about the bandstand in the vacant lot next to the pharmacy, gravely laying out the program for the day.

Promptly at four in the afternoon the committee for the Feast, headed by Salamundi the contractor, Domenico, president of the Abruzzean Burial Association, advocate Fusaro from the Italo-American Patriotic Republican club, Bandalone who stood up for the Italian storekeepers of Central Avenue, and Tito, leader of the Society of the Button, took their places on the bandstand. The rest of the paesanos, a hundred or more, massed around them.

Conductor Papalardo arrived with his musicians; seeing him

with his flowing dyed locks, cane, spats, swallowtail coat, striped trousers, high collar and white tie, no one would ever have taken him for a barber. Advocate Fusaro, fingering constantly his pince-nez, blurted out a speech swollen with such terms as inviolable honor, ideals, glory, love of family, and worship of the Creator. Then, with a crescendo of shrieking and chivalry he introduced the begowned and oversized Rosamaria Chichiulio, star of the Secaucus Open Air Opera Company. In noble alto soprano Miss Chichiulio sang *The Star Spangled Banner*. Then the large red, white, and green Italian flag was unfurled, and the band, with all-out brass, pipes, cymbaline, and drums, cannonaded through the Italian national anthem.

NOW WAS THE TIME to wander up and down the two blocks of the fiesta, greeting friends and relatives and making counter-evil-eye to enemies, displaying marriageable daughters, letting the mouth water to the fragrance of hot pizza, made with mozzarella cheese or with anchovies and tomatoes, smacking one's lips over a suckling "sangwitch" or crusty chick peas baked in hot sand or roast chestnuts, called *castagnas*, or tonguing *gelati* and spumone and tortoni, or getting the diabetes from rich-rich *pasticci* and candies, or gobbling cold watermelon, steaming corn, or filberts on a string. For the lovers of fish there was the pickled periwinkle called *scunghilli*, or squid in saffron, *merluzzo en brodetto*, smoked eels, or clams raw, or mussels and snails done in wine or herbs . . . while the fishmonger chanted a *storiella*. And then there was the vendor doing animal parts over charcoal—lamb's brains in jelly, blood-pie, kidneys wrapped in fat, sausage cased and cooked while one waited, cockscombs fried, or maybe tripe in red sauce. One could suck at thick coffee in tiny cups straight from the *compressa*, or drink brandy in eggnog, meanwhile listening to troubadours in Abruzzean highland dress, one with goatskin bagpipe, one with accordion, and another with mandolin, singing cantatellas as old as the Bible.

Annibal the Vain was tipsy and having a high time with the women, patting them familiarly, treating them to goodies as if

he had no end of money, winking and telling bawdy tales, and even joking about the days when he was a lowly hodcarrier.

Tito nodded to himself. So this is what became of a Godfather in the America!

Padre Benedetto superintended the adornment of the Blessed Virgin. Contractor Salamundi was permitted to drape over her the new robe he had donated, a dazzling work of blue and gold silk. On her brow was placed the rhinestone and imitation gold diadem. Large rings were slipped onto her fingers and a shining sceptre put in her hand.

Confusion and inefficiency as always, but in the end the processional Candelaria was ready. The electric street lights were dimmed. Papalardo mustered his music-makers. Then came the arguments about places in the order of parade. The padre went about saying soothingly: "Calm, my children . . . calm . . ."

THE MOMENT for starting came at last. The band began playing the *Ave Maria* and moved slowly up Central Avenue, trailed by the long line of adorants, four abreast, all carrying lighted candles.

In front of Puzzolenti's saloon on the corner opposite Saint Rocco's, Tito awaited the coming of the float of the Blessed Virgin, borne aloft by Annibal, Attilio, and a few others.

As they approached, Tito, moving very deliberately, pulled the nickel-plated revolver from his coat-pocket. No one cried out or attempted to stop him. The flash of the weapon seemed to fascinate those who saw it.

But a low swift whisper that Tito was about to kill his Godfathers ran through the processional of the Candelaria. Padre Benedetto turned his eyes away from Tito's pistol and walked faster. Annibal and Attilio looked around helplessly. Their feet dragged under the weight of the Blessed Virgin, and beads of sweat covered their faces. Why didn't the paesanos restrain Tito? Could a man kill his own Godfather? What kind of a world was the America?

As Tito raised his revolver, Annibal's woman burst out of her stupor and shrieked: "Husband, flee!"

Annibal and Attilio let go the Blessed Virgin and dashed for

the sanctuary of the church. Tito dropped to one knee, aimed slowly, and fired. The bullet missed. The Angelini brothers stopped and turned to look back, and in that instant Tito's second bullet struck Annibal. Blood spurted out of Annibal's forehead. He gurgled and collapsed in his brother's arms.

Bastian, standing with lighted taper in the lot behind the bandstand, mistook the shots for the signal to begin the fireworks, and zealously set off a bombardment that got out of control and whizzed crazily in every direction. Men, women, and children scurried for their lives. With her sniveling brood following, Concettina ran to Annibal's side and threw herself on his body, screaming: "Husband! You're dead! You've been made bloody and cold with holes in your head because of envy! Envy has destroyed the home of Annibal Angelini!"

Padre Benedetto, recovering from fright, hastily pronounced extreme unction for the flown spirit of Annibal. The paesano women, clustering around, raised their voices in competition with the pitched keening of the freshly-widowed Concettina.

Tito, duty accomplished, his face tight, walked away unmolested. Others, fleeing from the fireworks, crashed through pushcarts and store windows. Hundreds of gay rockets looped with swishing streams of sparks over the tenements, bringing on a salvo of explosions and setting fire to several roofs, including the dome of Saint Rocco's. Above the cries of Murder! Assassin! Fire! Lord save my children! rose the clang of ambulances and police wagons, and the sirens of fire trucks.

AFTER THE funeral of Annibal, which was quite a success, Attilio and his family packed themselves off to Baltimore, where, it is said, Attilio stubbornly resumed bricklaying.

In court, no hodcarrier paesano would speak against Tito Lupo. But Tito could not convince hardheaded, ignorant Americans that though he had shot and killed Annibal Angelini, he had done no wrong. His bewilderment was complete when the jury failed to understand that a hodcarrier had no leave to become a bricklayer. And it pleased the American legal system to disrespect ancient traditions and send Tito to jail for twenty years.

CARLO LEVI

**The paintings and prose of one of the most
versatile men of our day, herald of a trans-
formed Europe**

CARLO LEVI is one of the most versatile and complex men of Europe. He has been and is a doctor of medicine, a painter, an editor, a philosopher, a novelist, a political force in his own country, above all a free and spirited man, and he has shown such pre-eminence in so many fields that he has the fame of half a dozen men.

He is forty-five years old. He has a round, pallid face, surrounded by a package of kinky hair that looks like slightly rusty steel wool; his gestures are sharp yet gentle, and his talk, in French, English, or his native Italian, is torrential, witty, and full of paradox and inquiry. He combines with the most penetrating intellect a simple and warm understanding of human beings. He looks flaccid and almost soft, but he has done the work of a very tough guy: He was imprisoned twice in the early '30s for underground activities in opposition to Mussolini's Fascist Government; and in 1935 he was banished to the implacably barren region of Lucania, in southern Italy, for a year's exile. In *Christ Stopped at Eboli*, a best-seller here and in other countries, he described, with the sympathy of a healer, the eye of a painter, and the keenness of a fighter for liberty, his year among the peasants in that harsh land.

On the following pages are reproductions of Levi's paintings, and an article presenting his interpretation of post-war Italy.



As a painter Levi has been a facile and many-sided craftsman. The examples of his work on these pages show the extraordinary range of his technique and feeling. Levi himself says that critics have found in his paintings many "tendencies"—post-impressionist and metaphysic, cubist and fauve, surrealist and expressionist. "The Lovers," which he executed in 1942, has the calmness of the classic style, tempered with Levi's warmth and understanding.

There is irony and ambiguity in this "Still Life," painted in 1946. It is still, and it is hurried, dead and alive. It is, to Levi, "life." Among the inanimate objects on the canvas, an eye stares at the eyes that stare at the painting, and reflects humanity. The picture expresses Levi's amazing energy and his complexity. "His painting," an Italian critic has said, "always breathes abundance."





"War" was painted in 1944, while the Gestapo was hunting Levi as a leader of the anti-Nazi Resistance in Florence. "We have been separated from our past," Levi recently wrote, "by the deep ditch of the war. But now, after fifty years of heroic and vain efforts, a new human unity is being formed. To this unity, to this creation of the future, I hope I have made and will make, with my work, a modest contribution."



FROM KODACHROME BY DAVID B. EISENDRATH, JR. AND I. J. BECKER

"The Witch" (1935): The essence of Italian individuality, of which Levi writes, is caught in this Lucanian woman's portrait.

AFTER TWO CAESARS...

The phoenix of Italian democracy rises from the ashes of dictatorship and defeat

by Carlo Levi

IN A CORNER of Europe, between the white glaciers of the Alps and the sea, there lies a humble land. It is made up of many diverse elements but has an essential unity of spirit. Although tightly pressed by its hills, this land, Italy, gives the eye a sense of great spaces—spaces of harmony and imagination.

This country teems with men, women, and children, yet they do not elbow each other about, nor has living so close together forced them to act alike. On the contrary, each retains his own distinctive personality, his own vestige of other times, of distant places, and of remote civilizations. Each village, each tree, each mountain, each human being seems to carry within itself the memory of a history, often decayed or degenerate but never completely lost. The

face of every man seems to be an old story. Every village has its medieval campanile, its baroque church, its Roman ruins, its Etruscan tombs, its 18th-century *cara-binieri*, and at least one modern house, shiny with glass and metal, built by a returned emigrant or newly rich businessman. Each town has its mementoes of at least two Caesars, one ancient, one lately dead.

Even the way the various civilizations are mingled differs according to the town. The Roman, the medieval, the Renaissance, even the modern, vary from place to place, as though history had walked past every bend in a road at a different pace.

For this reason it can be said that all traditions, ideologies, religions, and forms of expression have found a home in Italy and

have remained there. And for this reason, too, every attempt to reduce the character and history of the Italian people to a single generalization or to a simple and continuous narrative, is bound to err. With one exception, every tradition, both good and bad, is there. That one exception is external unity, uniformity. Nevertheless, to summarize the Italian character solely as individualistic is a truth too simple to be entirely true.

THE HISTORY of Italy has always been one of a multiplicity of separate states existing side by side with universal institutions and ideas. In fact, the extraordinary freedom of action and expression, both social and political, that marked the best periods of Italian history flourished under institutions that offered the individualist this support: the vision of a united and shared world.

This is why Italians have always interpreted unification as something quite different from uniformity—especially the uniformity necessary to great states and populous democracies. This is why the problem of Italy's political consolidation was faced much later than in any other modern European state and has not yet been completely resolved.

Italian unity, considered an

emotional, poetic, and instinctive necessity, has been based on a lively popular tradition derived from imitation and importation, particularly of French models. From this source came a superficial political and administrative uniformity which did not necessarily fit the true nature of the country, and which often actually worked in the opposite direction—against unity. This is what happened, for example, in the poor and backward provinces of southern Italy. Formal administrative unity, with its prefects, centralization of the state, regimented taxation, teaching, and so forth, characterized the rule of the house of Savoy up to the first World War. Fascism not only carried on this tradition but even built itself on militarized uniformity, turning the centralized state into a religious fetish.

This was one element of Fascism that the Italians most resented, considering it contrary to the underlying national genius. Although it may seem almost comic, many Italians were made unhappier by regulations forcing everyone to wear the same black uniform from Milan to Palermo, or by the sight of all trams and taxis, once varicolored according to locality, painted the same green, than they were by measures which had far graver con-

sequences. The totalitarian order imposed by the Fascists smothered powerful forces in the Italian soul and covered with a black veil the many-hued, highly individualized face of reality. As a result of this operative regimentation, Italian spirits turned to the past, with its ideals of liberty and its defense of human dignity. They turned to periods of local history, now almost legendary, when the citizen was really a living part of the state, and the state itself a living body whose face was buildings, churches, palaces, towers.

It is often said that Fascism expressed the special character of the Italian people. The truth is that, aside from international circumstances, Fascism was made possible in Italy because its authors adapted it to certain ancient *defects* of the Italian people. Actually Fascism always remained profoundly alien to them, for it violated a deep and elementary need for individual freedom.

FOR ITALIANS, democracy in the modern sense of the word, with the institutions and customs that mark it in a great nation like America, is far from having been realized. But another natural form of democracy does exist, a flexible kind, adapted to each village and person, and to countless

regional traditions. It is spontaneous and very ancient, a peasant and urban democracy, which state institutions find difficult to absorb, but which is founded upon a vital feeling for the human values in self-government.

This force in Italian life made itself felt most dramatically during the period of the Resistance and the Partisan fighting. The Italian Resistance movement has not yet, unfortunately, received the recognition abroad that it deserves. It developed under peculiar hardships, got relatively scant support from the Allied powers, and was handicapped by civil war. Yet it is the simple truth that for number of adherents, military importance, courage, sacrifices, and political purpose, the Italian Resistance was the most significant in Europe.

As a witness and participant, I want to stress one point concerning the Resistance—its value as proof of the capacity of the Italian people for democracy and self-government. The Italian Resistance naturally had a central organization and leaders. But it was above all a triumph of co-operation. Its activity, partly through necessity but also through the special genius of the Italian people, was always decentralized and entrusted completely to local groups.

If it were at all possible to write

a general history of the Resistance, more properly it would have to be the history of the Resistance of this or that city, this or that valley, this or that village. Each place had its agonies, its dead, its ruins, its glories. For the first time in several centuries the Italians fought a spontaneous and popular war. They were not moved by a huge incomprehensible machine, but by a natural impulse which involved known things in a familiar sphere. In contrast to the Communal wars, this struggle involved an enemy who was not a neighbor; it was not moved by the spirit of the vendetta. As in the wars against the German Emperors, a natural federation, requiring neither pact nor oath, took form.

Sometimes it was circumstances which made the various Resistance movements so independent. Roads were blocked by bombings and German surveillance, railroads were destroyed, bridges blown up. Each community had to fend for itself. And *fare da se*—the need to stand on one's own feet—became indispensable. Who ordered the people in the cities to hide Italian soldiers after September 8, the date on which the Germans openly took over the country, to give those soldiers civilian clothes, to direct them up into the hills? Who ordered workers to sabotage pro-

duction, or peasants in remote regions to aid, at the price of their lives, escaped Allied prisoners? No one. Each acted of his own accord. In zones held by the partisans and armed peasants, such as the Val d'Ossola and the valleys of Cuneo and northern Piemonte, each village was obliged to administer itself and provide for the needs of the populace. Governments in miniature set themselves up and lasted until a German force came down on them with massacre and fire.

Thousands of local underground governments and committees of liberation functioned in the cities of German-occupied zones. People who in normal times would not have dared the least act of courage, who would probably never have departed from the conventional pattern of their lives, revealed themselves as heroic fighters, able leaders, or astute underground workers. Death was everywhere, lurking in each turn of a street, converting each city into a jungle. Yet the urge to action—action which was not without its own gratification—stirred the hearts of men.

AT THAT TIME I was living in Florence, one of the Italian cities in which the Resistance and the war had found the going hard.

After those few years during which she was the provisional capital of the Kingdom of Italy, Florence had been sleeping in the shadow of its harmonious palaces and villas, amid memories of ancient virtues and grand-ducal boredom. Life there had been tranquil and provincial: a gentle restfulness enlivened by the beauty of the language, by the heritage of ancient greatness in thought and poetry, by the coming and going of Anglo-Saxon tourists, by literary discussions in the cafés, by a clear and limpid climate.

Suddenly Florence awoke. As though in answer to a call from her communal and republican history, each man once more felt in himself the sense of citizenship. Without benefit of speeches, the old history spontaneously linked itself to the new. The signal for the uprising was given by the clanging of the big bell of the Bargello. How could it have been otherwise? The bridges blown up by the Germans had been built by Ammanati and Michelangelo; the streets they destroyed were many centuries old, as were the tower of the Parte Guelfa, the palaces of the Bardi, and Machiavelli's house. In this atmosphere fraught with history, only men and events seemed new. A dead Fascist lying on the pavement of Piazza Pitti

under the July sun (I interrupted my writing to look down at him from my window) was something quite new in that ancient square.

The Germans and Fascists had assembled hardened troops, brutal police, and sadistic torturers in Florence. As always it was the ordinary people, mothers of families, young girls, and old servants, who braved prison, torture, and death. The Resistance stimulated not only military assaults, intelligence work, and a clandestine press, but above all patient fellowship, preparation, waiting.

WHAT STRUCK ME even more than the work of the Resistance was the extraordinary intellectual ardor that seemed suddenly to lift people above themselves. It was not possible to leave the city without running grave risks. Life was often confined to a single district or even to the house in which one was hiding. There was no news of the world, yet the attention of everyone was focussed on the world, in the certainty that the activities of the citizens, however little or much freedom they might win, would affect the whole world. The more the sphere of action was limited the more deeply were all values felt.

And this was true not only among the Resistance leaders

(men of all parties and backgrounds) but also among the rank and file. It was not only day-to-day strategy and tactics that were discussed in meetings; there was planning for tomorrow, for the new state, and for the rebirth of self-government, local business, and school organizations. These things were discussed with astonishing eagerness and vitality in a country which one might have believed completely corrupted by a quarter century of dictatorship.

DURING THOSE DAYS I was amazed to see painters and architects work together—despite the danger of any kind of meeting—to prepare in the midst of tragedy and terror the transformation of the Academy of Fine Arts and of the School of Architecture into independent organizations within the framework of civic administration. All this was not empty talk or utopian dreaming. What was it that had given these artists this sudden awareness of their responsibility as citizens? It was the sense of a hard-won freedom concretely visible to each in his own sphere; the sense of being one's own master, and not a slave of an uncontrollable state machine. Everyone was called upon to act and to suffer; therefore, to think. A great wind of determination and

hope blew over the ruined city.

This became even stronger in the period that followed the battle of Florence and the liberation. For nine months the city had been on the front lines, below the Gothic Line, almost isolated, for military reasons, from Rome and the rest of Italy. The city was governed by the Committee of Liberation, made up of representatives of all the anti-Fascist parties. From Rome there had come only a prefect, appointed to control and check the Committee, whose activities were considered much too independent.

The Committee was composed of men who were not, outside of two or three, exceptional. Some were even mediocre, but each man stood for more than himself. Apart from the business of administering the city during those nine months, the Committee was involved in defending its independence against the Prefect of Rome, or in discussions, friendly but difficult, designed to gain recognition by the Allied Military Command. The entire city passionately followed its performance. Florentines felt it to be their true government, the only authority based on general consent, as compared with the provisional authority of the foreign military and the far-off, incompetent authority of Rome. The problems of civic life had be-

come, for everyone, the problems of life itself.

During that year I had the fortune to edit the foremost daily paper of Florence and the organ of the Committee of Liberation: the *Nazione del Popolo*; and I know with what attention and eagerness everyone read that paper—after twenty-five years of a servile press. The intellectual and moral tension of the city made it possible to create a newspaper with a high standard, yet one within the grasp of all. A new departure in Italian journalism, it was a paper which could run, as lead articles, economic studies, art criticisms, and even poems by Umberto Saba.

Some of the GI's who were at that time in Florence will remember the sensation caused by the articles of one of my new young editors, a writer of remarkable ability, Manlio Cancogni, on a subject that had never before had a popular response: the problem of public education. Everyone became interested in the pros and cons, and for several months the walls of the city were covered with scrawls: "Long live Cancogni" or "Down with Cancogni."

This civic and intellectual awakening was not confined to Florence alone but spread all over Italy, at least to the part which had to pro-

vide for its own defense and assist the Resistance. Throughout the North, Committees of Liberation arose in factories, protecting them from the Germans and so preventing their destruction. Everywhere the feeling of liberty sought new forms of expression. It seemed as though Italy had found a new road, its own road, that of a truly independent democracy. This spirit shed on everything, even in those days of mourning and death, the light of joy. When, shortly after the liberation, I was able to go from Florence to Milan, I could see in all the villages in the Emilian plain, still cut off from each other, fireworks flaming up into the May sky; and in all the courtyards in Milan, amid the rubble of bombed houses, people dancing, out in the open, until dawn.

POLITICALLY AND LEGALLY very little has remained of this great renewal of Italian vitality. As soon as the unity of the country had been re-established, all the large traditional political parties, both of the left and of the right, preferred to return (even if for very different reasons) to the old classic system of formal, centralized democracy. In the past two years they have increasingly sought to put down the rising democratic movement in the coun-

try. In this they have been aided and abetted by the Allied Military Governments, which were not prepared to evaluate the situation realistically, which, moreover, feared anything new.

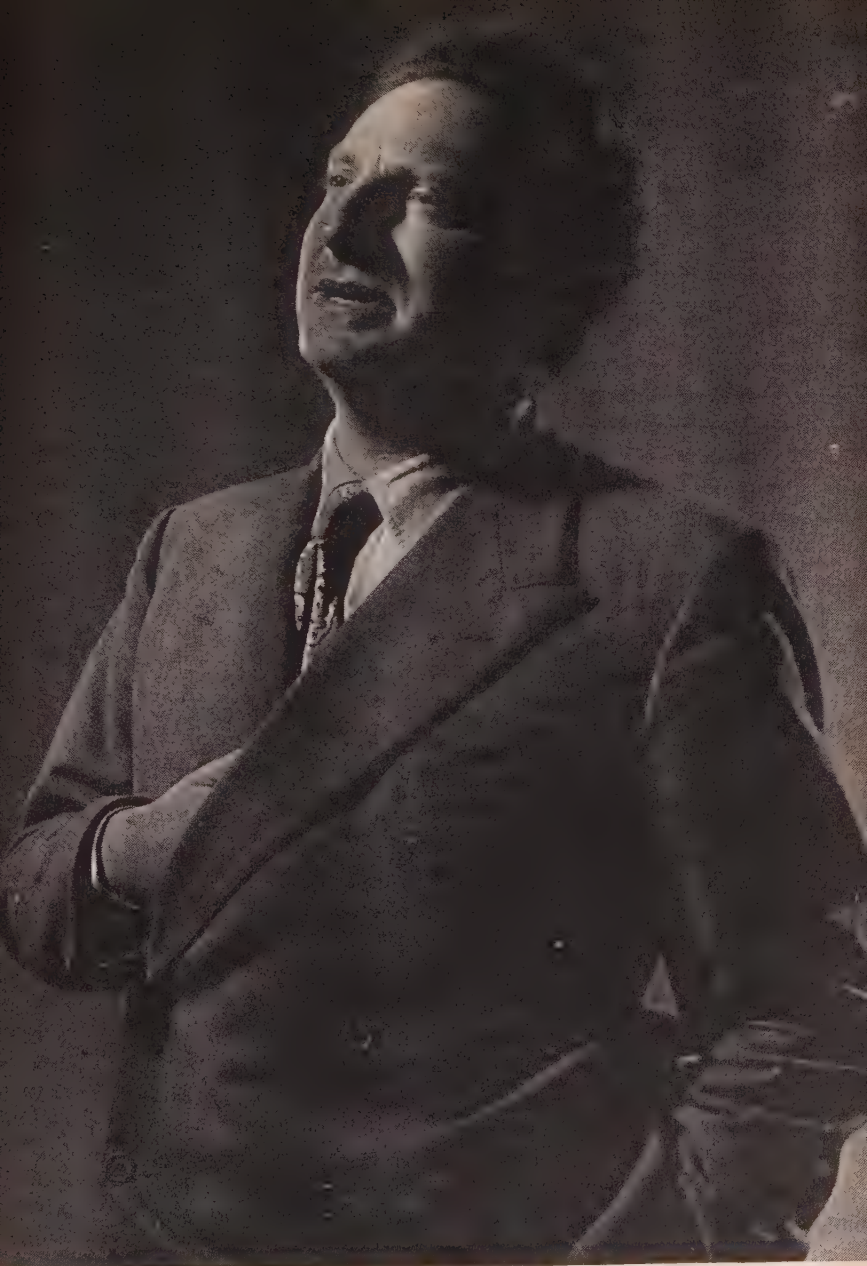
However, something has remained—something important and positive. Even though Italy has once more beheld before the footlights of the political scene a generation of old men without ability or imagination, the Nittis, the Orlandos, and the Bonomis; even though she is obliged to balance her accounts while there is pressure both on her frontiers and from the Vatican; even though her independence is limited and always in danger; even though the drive toward popular government has manifested itself in such ignoble or even degenerate forms as the black market and private speculation—nevertheless the experience of the years of the Resistance has not been in vain.

The particular forms which that liberty assumed have not withstood the return to normal life. Florence is no longer the self-governing center of a small complete world, but has returned to the status of a splendid provincial city. And perhaps it is right that it should be so, or, if not right, at least necessary at this moment in international politics. In spite of

some appearances to the contrary, in spite of the *L'Uomo Qualunque* movement, in spite of the weight of the big powers, it can be said that Italy today is not only the most vital country in Europe (and this is the general opinion of foreign observers) but also the most profoundly free.

The fruit of the recent experience in autonomy is the conviction of Italians that they have the capacity to govern themselves. It was a great experience, one that liberated the Italians not only from the Germans and the Fascists but also from an inferiority complex and from the idolatrous worship of state and power. In this respect the Italians have been more fortunate than the French, who continue to dream that they have won the war and are a great power, and who try to act as though the dream were a fact.

The Italians have in their very souls cut off the past—even though it dies hard, dragging itself along, and propping itself up as best it can with the crutches of memory. We lost the war. We are no longer a power—large, medium, or small. But we have seen that our people can stand on their own feet, and that when they do stand on their own feet, they are, despite errors and defects, with ancient modesty, a nation of free men. **END**



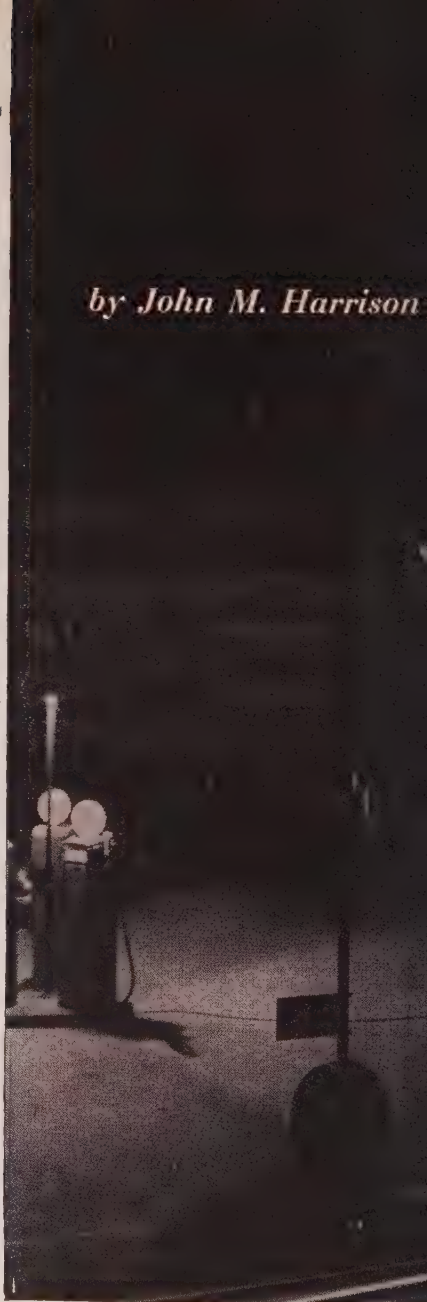
Carlo Levi

THE CUSTOM of picturing the typical resident of Smalltown, U.S.A., as a James Whitcomb Riley character, with a heart of gold, and a wisp of straw behind each ear, has long since run its course. It was replaced along about 1920 by a new picture—that of the provincial bigot made familiar in Sinclair Lewis' *Main Street*. Which caricature—for both are caricatures, not characterizations—has done Smalltown and its residents greater harm is difficult to say.

Certainly the picture of the village as an idyllic place, free from deceit, jealousy, cruelty, and all other evils deserved to be debunked. But the debunkers, in their enthusiasm for the task, were guilty of equal errors of exaggeration. Gopher Prairie's collection of neurotics was a gross misrepresentation. Both saints and sinners people Smalltown. But neither saint nor sinner is typical and neither dominates the community in which he lives. Smalltown ap-

Oakland, Iowa (pop. 1,317): a paradise of peace and quiet—if you like it

by John M. Harrison



Photographs by Joseph Scherschel

P o p . 1 , 3 1 7

Main Street can teach Metropolis how to live





The phone operator is Oakland's Walter Winchell

proaches most closely that anachronism—the tribe.

There is no overemphasizing the intimacy of Smalltown's relationships. You have neighbors who know what time you eat dinner, how you spend your evenings, when you have guests and how long they stay, whether you drink, smoke, swear, gamble, fight with your wife, or worship Baal. If they can't find out any other way, some of them are not averse to lurking in the weeds to get a peek under the blinds. You are graded in such matters as church attend-

ance, taking part in the "right" organizations, and a dozen other matters which are important in the village mores. It's well to understand this first.

If the pleasure of speaking to the folks you meet on the street—and all the associations it implies—outweighs the displeasure of knowing they will probably talk about you as soon as you've passed, you'll like it. If you resent the presence of people and their interest in you, better steer clear of Smalltown.

You really can't begin to comprehend these multiple connections unless you've lived in Smalltown. Even a Smalltown newspaper editor can't untangle all the family relationships in his community. If you multiply these direct ties by the ties of those who went to school together, attend the same church, belong to the same Masonic or Odd Fellows Lodge, Order of the Eastern Star or Rebekahs, Embroidery Club, or Jolly Hour Bridge Club, you can get some idea of how complex these relationships can be.

• JOHN M. HARRISON, now an editorial writer with the *Toledo Blade*, was formerly on the *Oakland (Iowa) Acorn*.

Our town, in addition, still has one of those telephone systems in which the operator can, if she wishes—and she often does—listen in on the conversation. One of the operators, for instance, is Esther, who belongs to our bridge club. If she isn't too busy, we chat about last night's basketball game or the health of one of her children. Then, after she gets the number, she's as apt as not to say, "Oh, Mrs. Winton isn't home today. She's up at the school." Maybe that personal type of telephone service doesn't appeal to you. But it's typical.

Smalltown people are neighborly and sympathetic. And there's a spontaneity about those characteristics which carries them out beyond the community itself. Some cynics have insisted that Smalltown is friendly only to those within its own circle. The Henry Parrish family didn't think so.

The Parrishes, father, mother, and five children, arrived from Arkansas, en route to Detroit. A job awaited Henry Parrish in Detroit, but he was a very sick man when he arrived in our town. Someone—there are those who might say some prying busybody—found out about the Parrish family. For more than two weeks they stayed in the tourist accommodations at Chautauqua Park.

And each day the families in Smalltown took food, clothing, and other needs to them. One of our doctors looked after Henry Parrish. And a collection was taken quietly to see them on their way to Detroit. I doubt if the Parrishes would have been similarly received in a big city.

Another thing I get in Smalltown is a close contact with the institutions of community life. Smalltown is far more democratic than Metropolis. Politics in Smalltown is direct, personal—sometimes brutally so. Republicans outnumber Democrats in our town by about four to one. But when we're electing a mayor, a councilman, or a school board member, we never consider his political affiliations. It's almost entirely a matter of personalities. And though it does not necessarily ensure us any wiser choice than is made in Metropolis, it does make it impossible to build up political machines in which the individual citizen is no more than a puppet.

This is not to say the cliques and influential groups may not dominate Smalltown politics. They sometimes do, and too often with disastrous results. Some years ago the school board in our town devised an effective way of controlling its own membership. When a board member decided he no long-

er wished to serve, he retired just before his term ended. The other board members then named his successor and, since there is reluctance about deposing an incumbent, the board's choice was usually elected without opposition. But eventually someone caught on, and the next hand-picked candidate was beaten thoroughly.

Nor is any public official in Smalltown ever permitted to get out of touch with his constituency. He may wrestle with problems of municipal finance at a Monday night council meeting, but next morning the Widow Sharp is apt to be in his store or office complaining that her water bill was too high or the neighbor's chickens are ruining her yard. That the pressure and bother become so great that many men refuse to serve on these local governing groups is to be regretted. So is the fact that many Smalltown school systems are more often governed by the piques and prejudices of influential mamas and papas than by the men elected and the teachers hired to do the job. Still, if the wife of a school board member attempts to dominate school affairs through her husband, a fellow board member is likely to ask why she doesn't run for election like the others.

One of the most frequent

charges of critics is that Smalltown is intolerant. That just isn't so. There may be more instances of intolerance in Smalltown than in Metropolis, but considering the number of situations in which tolerance is called into play, the odds are all in favor of the folks in Smalltown.

You don't believe it? Take a look at the record of any of the organized "hate groups" which have flourished or are now budding in the United States. With the major exception of the Ku Klux Klan following the Civil War and World War I, these groups have depended on Metropolis for the bulk of their members and the incidents and situations which are their life blood. Why? Because the residents of Metropolis have never really lived close together.

Here in Smalltown we come to understand differences. A farmer came into the office the other day to tell us he appreciated the advertising job we'd done for his closing-out sale. "Walt's a good auctioneer, too," he said. "Some fellows won't have him because he's a member of Jehovah's Witnesses. I don't like his religion any better than they do, but I figure that's his business."

That's typical of Smalltown's relationships. You're right smack

up against all kinds of people. Some you like, others you don't. But you learn to live with all of them, eventually to like them, or, at least, to know what makes them the way they are.

THERE'S A valuable closeness, too, to the field in which you're working. You don't have to send out special investigators to determine how the public feels about your product or service. The public marches right up and tells you. When Chris Larsen, the little Danish tailor, took issue with my isolationist editorials back in 1939-40—and how right Chris was—he came up Main Street and frankly told me how he felt. Others—Jim Barton for one—never failed to congratulate me on those same editorials. This year, when I attacked our district's isolationist, Gerald L. K. Smith-loving Congressman, Jim Barton hinted darkly that I'd better see the light.

And it's not only the Smalltown newspaperman who has this never-ending personal contact with his community. Almost every business and professional man in town has a pretty good idea where he stands with his public. Smalltown folks aren't bashful.

There's a wholesomeness—yes, I know the word is overworked—in Smalltown's lack of social dif-

ferentiation. Slums of a sort exist, but nothing so debasing as the vast areas of untenable shacks which are yet tenanted in Metropolis. Social stratifications take place, but with none of the rigidity which marks the castes of Metropolis. Above all, Smalltown affords to each of its citizens the opportunity for a kind of dignity denied to many hundreds of thousands in Metropolis.

Tom Pendgraft is an example of what I mean. Tom came to our community from Missouri a good many years ago. He could neither read nor write. He farmed for a couple of years, then moved to town and became a sort of odd-jobs man. His rattletrap car, with the trailer that was always coming unhitched, became a familiar sight on the streets.

I don't know what his annual income was; certainly it was not more than a few hundred dollars. But he raised a family of ten children, each of whom is a real credit to him and to the community. He had friends galore in all the town's social strata. He was a person in our town, and respected as such, just as much as the bankers, doctors, and merchants. Where else but in Smalltown could he have found such a niche for himself?

To look out across open fields

as you walk or ride to work each morning, to watch the seasons visibly change before your eyes, to smell clover in the pastures, yes, and manure in the barnyard—these are the little things which constantly remind the Smalltowner that, no matter how complicated the problems of his own life may be, there are more important values in his world.

These things may seem unimportant to Metropolitans and even to many residents of Smalltown who have been in close contact with them. Yet we can contribute to a way of living far more satisfactory than that of the typical city resident. Not that nature is the idyll some writers have made of it. We like the sweep of open country which is one side of our living room; almost any season of the year it's a breathtaking sight. But we could do without the dust that rolls across it. Cattle are picturesque in the field across the road, but somehow less so when munching on the front yard shrubbery.

But in Smalltown you never lose sight of the physical fact that there is a world around you—a world that sweeps out to the far horizon above the rich fields. No matter where you live in Smalltown, you're never hemmed in. To some of us, that's important.

"But what do you do for entertainment in Smalltown? I'd think you'd die of boredom."

That's a favorite lament of our friends in Metropolis, whose eyes reflect an almost genuine sympathy as they say it. And you can't really answer them, because unless they've lived in Smalltown, been a part of it, they won't understand the answer.

There are people who are bored with life in Smalltown, just as—if they'll admit it—there are people who are bored with life in Metropolis. But, as many a Smalltowner can tell you, if you aren't very careful your problem will become not one of boredom but of salvaging enough time to do some of the things you want to do.

A score of different community institutions and projects in Smalltown can keep you so busy you won't have time to read the daily newspapers or hear your favorite radio program, let alone get at that book you've been wanting to read. You can have a social program that would put to shame anything Metropolis can produce.

There's a difference, too, in the quality of Smalltown entertainment. With few exceptions, it's based on the same personal type of relationship that marks everything else in Smalltown. You go to a play produced by the school



Smalltowners can find more excitement in Oakland's country auction than Metropolitans in a stock market deal

or a club or lodge. The play is probably poor, the staging worse, the acting atrocious. Yet you enjoy yourself, because you know all the people involved and you share this experience with them. It needn't dull well-developed artistic or critical tastes either, if you have them. You've mastered a different kind of enjoyment, and are simply that much broader than your Metropolitan brother.

It's that way right on down the line. The brand of basketball played by our high school teams isn't sensational. But almost a thousand of us jam our way into the high-school gymnasium at least once a week and enjoy the games just as much as we would if two Big Nine teams were playing.

No, most of us aren't bored in Smalltown.

What about Smalltown's provin-

cialism? Sure, there's a lot of it—even hickishness, if you like. But there's much less of it today than there was fifty years ago, even twenty-five years ago, when Smalltown's only contacts with the outside world were the daily newspapers, a semiannual trip to the nearest big city and the two weeks each summer when the Chautauqua came to town.

I don't suppose any of us who grew up in the days when Chautauqua was a magic word will ever lose a certain reverent feeling for that institution. Our reverence may be different, of course, from that of Mrs. Willis. When Mrs. Willis, who served on the library board, read a book called *O, Chautauqua*, which took that venerable institution for a bumpy ride, her hands shot up in horror. Right there, in black and white, she said, one of the characters was reported to have contracted gonorrhea. Puritan that she was, I doubt whether Mrs. Willis objected half so much to social disease as to the thorough debunking of an institution in which her husband had been prominent.

Whatever her reason, *O, Chautauqua* was removed from the library shelves.

The radio and the automobile ruined Chautauqua. And they have made Smalltown over. The big

city, once a day's wearying train ride distant, is now an hour's trip in the family car. Through the family radio, the outside world has come streaming into the living room, dragging Ma Perkins with it, of course. For better or for worse—and there is still some controversy about that—Smalltown has shed much of its hickishness. Its younger generation, in particular, is wholly indistinguishable from the younger generation of Metropolis. Gradually, the provincial quality of Smalltown is being dispelled.

This is not to say that Smalltown will some day become Metropolis on a small scale. But Smalltown is no longer a settlement in the wilderness. And while it may take more slowly to new ideas, cling more tenaciously to what it considers traditional values, its action is not guided by lack of knowledge of what is going on in the world.

Webster defines "provincial" as "confined to a province; hence, narrow; limited." There are men and women in Smalltown who fit that definition. But I'll wager you'll find still more, per capita, in Metropolis. Expanding Pottawattamie county, Iowa, to include that vast area which lies roughly west of Pennsylvania, it is safe to say that its average resident is far

less concerned with his own local province and better informed concerning the rest of his nation and his world than is his Metropolitan counterpart.

DURING A recent radio broadcast in which the subject of Smalltown vs. Metropolis was discussed, a New York newspaperman asserted that men and women of outstanding ability and talent must go to Metropolis to achieve success. It's not a new idea, but a persistent one. In a few occupational categories, and particularly in the field of entertainment, it has validity. But in far more instances it is just another way of stating that unfortunate American idea that no one is successful unless he is either rich or famous. That is the chimera which has attracted too many millions of young people to Metropolis. A few of them have achieved financial success or fame; still fewer have found happiness.

Here's our young doctor, for instance, who came back home to set up practice after finishing military service, though he could have had his choice of several "big time" jobs. The doctors in the city hospitals say he's tremendously competent. Is his talent being wasted because he has chosen to spend it delivering Smalltown's

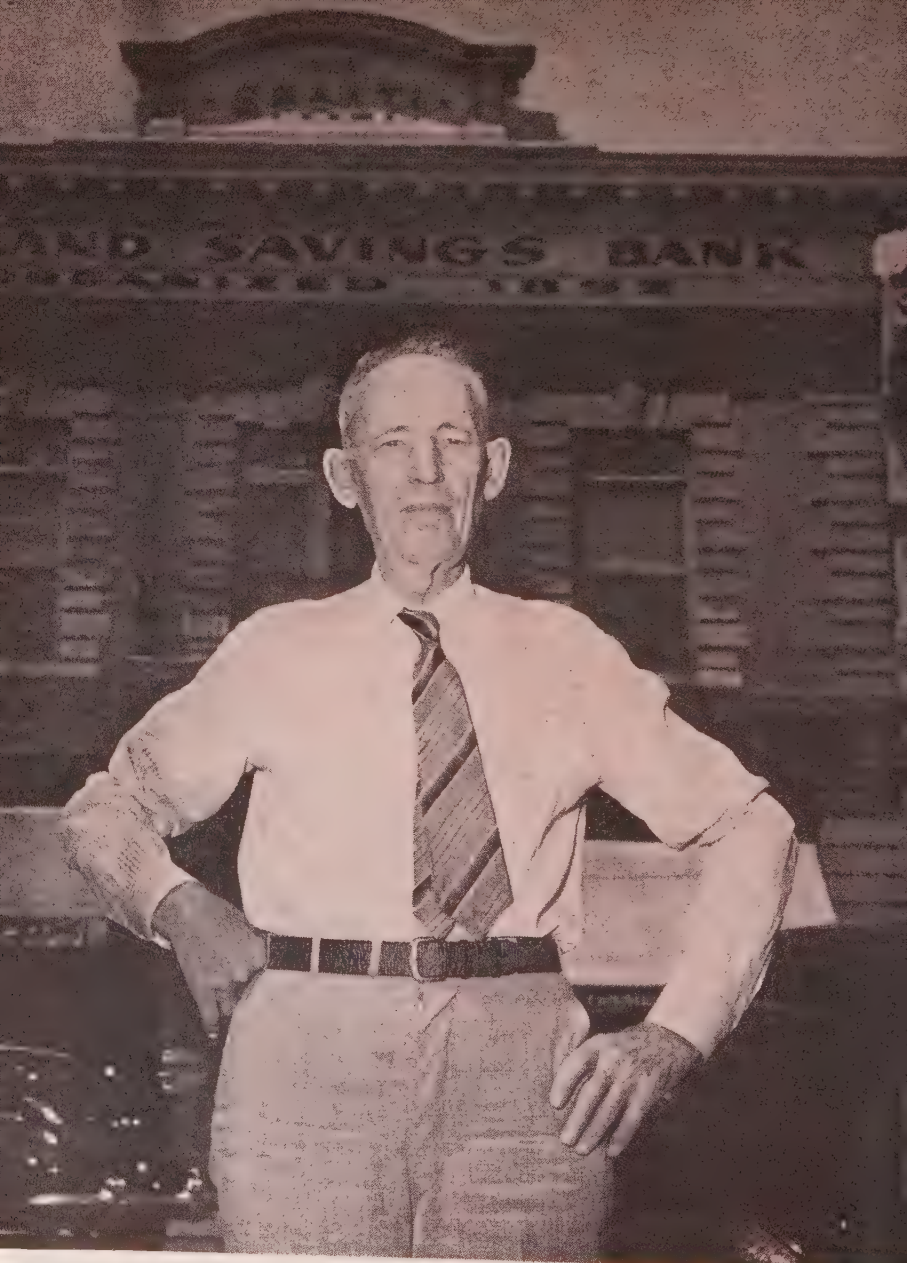
babies, looking after its ailments, and taking an active interest in municipal health programs rather than holding down a staff job in some large hospital?

Or the vice president of one of our banks—the fellow with the remarkable mathematical mind, who left the State College after heading his class in electrical engineering, and came back to devote his abilities to the simpler but perhaps equally important problems of the farmers and businessmen of Smalltown. Has he forfeited his chance for happiness and success, or gained more important values?

There is opportunity aplenty for ability of almost every kind in Smalltown. And it's an opportunity which carries with it the advantages of working closely with other human beings, of being able to see the results of what you are doing. To some, these are important to happiness and success—much more important than great wealth or the fame of newspaper pictures and headlines.

There remain the charges of Sinclair Lewis and, more recently, more logically, and more sympathetically, of Granville Hicks that there is no place in Smalltown for the slightest departure from community standards.

These men have presented their indictment convincingly. Carol



Working closely with people is as important as business to this Oakland bank president

Kennicotts, it is true, can bring down upon themselves a pack of persecution and general unhappiness by flaunting their disdain of those moral and intellectual standards held sacred by Smalltown. And many a well-meaning Granville Hicks, wanting only to be a good citizen, has met the cold barrier of resentment too often erected against "outsiders with big-city ideas."

But these instances do not prove the contention that Smalltown is unable to tolerate those who yearn for "the cultural interests" or want to bring about a change. The Carol Kennicotts and the Granville Hickses have brought most of their frustration on themselves.

Yes, the Smalltown Ladies' Aid Society looked down its nose and clucked its tongue at Christine Martin, the girl from Metropolis who married one of our town's young men, because she spent more time reading than embroidering or doing "fancy work." But Christine rode out the criticism, refrained from making an issue of it, and is in great demand today as a book reviewer for the programs of various clubs and organizations. And these same Dames of the Ladies' Aid are now the loudest in her praise.

Certainly Smalltown has its unreasoning suspicions—of books

and book learning, of men who earn their living by other means than physical labor or business shrewdness, of anyone who enjoys classical music, serious plays, or movies. Yet it is indifferent to these—unless the suspect tries to make an issue of the differences.

We have a moderately large collection of serious recorded music in our home. It is not an interest which many of our friends share with us. Some of them consider us just a trifle queer because of it. But we had a heartwarming experience a few years ago when we decided to invite any who wanted to hear our music to visit us on a specified evening twice each month. The response was not great, but it resulted in many enjoyable evenings in which we shared our pleasure with others.

We will not soon forget the aged German lady, who came with her daughter from a distance out in the country. She enjoyed every moment of it, and when the last rich notes of Marian Anderson's voice, singing Schubert's "Death and the Maiden" in the original German, had died away, she said, tears in her eyes, "Dot is so sad moosic, and so beaudiful." Here was one who could not only share our enjoyment of the music, but deeply enrich it.

New ideas can be introduced

into Smalltown, too, just as they can be introduced anywhere else. And though Smalltown may first laugh at your strange ideas, you may have the real satisfaction of seeing them recognized and accepted—if you can be patient.

Here in our Smalltown, a group waged a campaign for many years to get municipal support for our modest library. There were times when it seemed hopeless and when it was difficult to control the desire to tell off a smug councilman. The community—at least its elected representatives—seemed to regard a library as a frill to be supported, if at all, by charity. But the fight was continued in a quiet way and, what was more important, the number of people using the library facilities kept growing until it became apparent that a library was important to the community. Now we have municipal support for the kind of library our town should have. And some of the hardheaded councilmen, who once sneered, now openly admit that the library is a fine and useful thing.

It's been done in thousands of other Smalltowns, too—with libraries, little theaters, musical organizations, and community improvements of every kind. But, in each instance where opposition existed, it's been done through a

gradual process of educating the community, making the project win support on its own merits.

Don't waste your pity on the poor frustrated Smalltown intellectual or reformer who is denied the opportunity to accomplish good. Spend it instead on the man who has that opportunity and wastes it—like my newspaper colleague, Bob Wiles, who lives in another Smalltown. A few months ago an unpopular religious sect attempted to hold a series of meetings in his community. Some people objected and a brawl resulted.

When the visiting evangelists tried to return the next Sunday, the sheriff threw up a road block and kept them out. Through it all, not only did Bob Wiles fail to uphold the constitutional rights of the religious group, but actually defended the sheriff on the grounds that law and order had to be maintained one way or another. As a man known and respected in the community, he could have counseled the dissident element and aroused those who wanted to see civil rights upheld. Instead he took the easy way, siding with the defenders of mob rule.

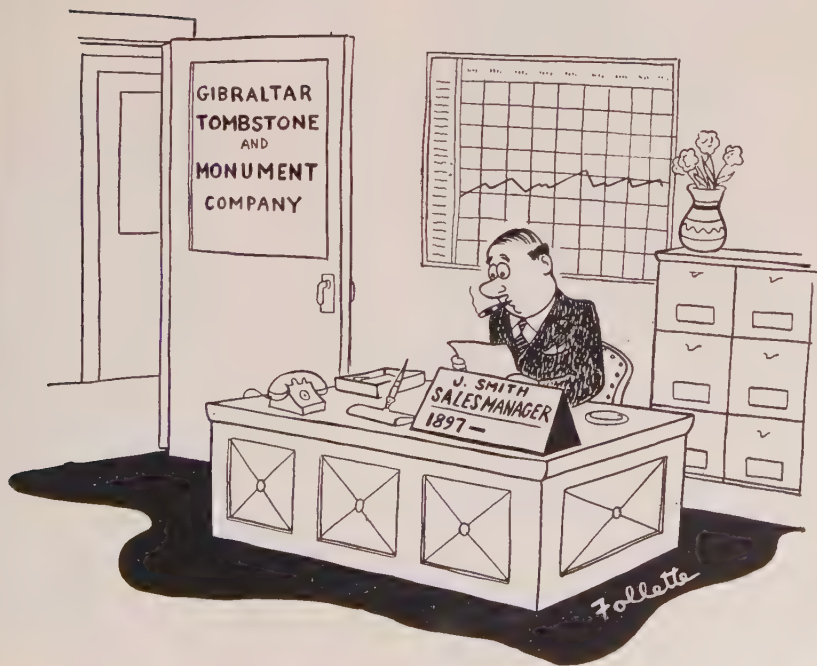
That is the challenge and the opportunity Smalltown offers. A man can make himself heard in every situation confronting the people among whom he lives.

Behind nearly every observation made here concerning Smalltown, U.S.A., stands this one fact: that Smalltown is more nearly akin to the family than any other sociological group. It has much the same intimacy and the same friction which marks the family relationship. For those who can accept that kind of relationship, recognize its possibilities, and still remain within its limits, there is

a way of life more rewarding than any other available today. There's a warmth and satisfaction in Smalltown life. There's an opportunity to be an individual—not just in the sense of being different, but in being a functioning part of the community in which you live.

You won't find it just by moving to Smalltown. Like most other goals, it has to be earned. But it's worth the effort.

END





JAM SESSION

Some of the greatest jazz musicians play for kicks —and an alert camera

Photographs by Gjon Mili

WHEN the country's night club doors close, from Basin Street and Beale Street to 52nd Street, the jazz musicians gather in intense, nightlong jam sessions. Improvising for their own amusement, with only themselves for an audience, the players do things with their instruments and their creative talents that might never emerge during a scheduled performance.

The peculiar satisfaction they get from jamming is explained this way by Mezz Mezzrow in *Really the Blues*: "When you play music with a man you understand and who understands you, you preach to him with your horn and he answers back with his 'Amen,' never contradicting you. Your message and his message get together like pie and ice cream. When that happens, man, you know you've got a friend."

Art Tatum at the piano and Oscar Pettiford (bass) idle between takes



Pee Wee Russell takes off on a solo. Background on the drums by George Whetling



Among the first-rank artists jamming above are Mezz Mezzrow, clarinet, Dizzy Gillespie, front-row trumpet, Duke Ellington, piano, Muggsy Spanier, trumpet at right, Al Hall, bass



Jazz musicians converse without words. Here are "Hot Lips" Page, trumpet (left), Buster Bailey, clarinet (left), Kansas Bill, drums, Teddy Wilson, piano, Vic Dickerson, trombone

SOLO ON THE DRUMS

Kid Jones beat out a rhythm of hate

**A story
by Ann Petry**

THE ORCHESTRA had a week's engagement at the Randlert Theater at Broadway and Forty-second Street. His name was picked out in lights on the marquee. The name of the orchestra and then his name underneath by itself.

There had been a time when he would have been excited by it. And stopped to let his mind and his eyes linger over it lovingly. Kid Jones. The name—his name—up there in lights that danced and winked in the brassy sunlight. And at night his name glittered up there on the marquee as though it had been sprinkled with diamonds. The people who pushed their way through the crowded street looked up at it and recognized it and smiled.

He used to eat it up. But not today. Not after what happened this morning. He just looked at the sign with his name on it. There it was. Then he noticed that the sun had come out, and he shrugged, and went on inside the theater to put on one of the cream-colored suits and get his music together.

After he finished changing his clothes, he glanced in the long mirror in his dressing room. He hadn't changed any. Same face. No fatter and no thinner. No gray hair. Nothing. He frowned. Because he felt that the things that were eating him up inside ought to show. But they didn't.

When it was time to go out on the stage, he took his place behind the drums, not talking, just sitting there. The orchestra

- ANN PETRY'S *The Street* was an unusually successful first novel. This is the second of her short stories of Negro life to appear in '47.

started playing softly. He made a mental note of the fact that the boys were working together as smoothly as though each one had been oiled.

The long gray curtains parted. One moment they were closed. And then they were open. Silently. Almost like magic. The highpowered spots flooded the stage with light. He could see specks of dust gliding down the wide beams of light. Under the bands of light the great space out front was all shadow. Faces slowly emerged out of it—disembodied heads and shoulders that slanted up and back, almost to the roof.

HE HIT THE DRUMS LIGHTLY. Regularly. A soft barely discernible rhythm. A background. A repeated emphasis for the horns and the piano and the violin. The man with the trumpet stood up and the first notes came out sweet and clear and high.

Kid Jones kept up the drum accompaniment. Slow. Careful. Soft. And he felt his left eyebrow lift itself and start to twitch as the man played the trumpet. It happened whenever he heard the trumpet. The notes crept up, higher, higher, higher. So high that his stomach sucked in against itself. Then a little lower and stronger. A sound sustained. The rhythm of it beating against his ears until he was filled with it and sighing with it.

He wanted to cover his ears with his hands because he kept hearing a voice that whispered the same thing over and over again. The voice was trapped somewhere under the roof—caught and held there by the trumpet. “I’m leaving I’m leaving I’m leaving.”

The sound took him straight back to the rain, the rain that had come with the morning. He could see the beginning of the day—raw and cold. He was at home. But he was warm because he was close to her, holding her in his arms. The rain and the wind cried softly outside the window.

And now—well, he felt as though he were floating up and up and up on that long blue note of the trumpet. He half closed his eyes and rode up on it. It had stopped being music. It was that whispering voice, making him shiver. Hating it and not being able to do anything about it. “I’m leaving it’s the guy

who plays the piano I'm in love with him and I'm leaving now today." Rain in the streets. Heat gone. Food gone. Everything gone because a woman's gone. It's everything you ever wanted, he thought. It's everything you never got. Everything you ever had, everything you ever lost. It's all there in the trumpet—pain and hate and trouble and peace and quiet and love.

The last note stayed up in the ceiling. Hanging on and on. The man with the trumpet had stopped playing but Kid Jones could still hear that last note. In his ears. In his mind.

The spotlight shifted and landed on Kid Jones—the man behind the drums. The long beam of white light struck the top of his head and turned him into a pattern of light and shadow. Because of the cream-colored suit and shirt, his body seemed to be encased in light. But there was a shadow over his face so that his features blended and disappeared. His hairline receding so far back that he looked like a man with a face that never ended. A man with a high, long face and dark dark skin.

He caressed the drums with the brushes in his hands. They responded with a whisper of sound. The rhythm came over but it had to be listened for. It stayed that way for a long time. Low, insidious, repeated. Then he made the big bass drum growl and pick up the same rhythm.

The Marquis of Brund, pianist with the band, turned to the piano. The drums and the piano talked the same rhythm. The piano high. A little more insistent than the drums. The Marquis was turned sideways on the piano bench. His left foot tapped out the rhythm. His cream-colored suit sharply outlined the bulkiness of his body against the dark gleam of the piano. The drummer and the pianist were silhouetted in two separate brilliant shafts of light. The drums slowly dominated the piano.

The rhythm changed. It was faster. Kid Jones looked out over the crowded theater as he hit the drums. He began to feel as though he were the drums and the drums were he.

The theater throbbed with the excitement of the drums. A man, sitting near the front, shivered and his head jerked to the rhythm. A sailor put his arm around the girl sitting beside him took his hand and held her face still and pressed his mouth close over hers. Close. Close. Close. Until their faces seemed

to melt together. Her hat fell off and neither of them moved. His hand dug deep into her shoulder and still they didn't move.

A kid sneaked in through a side door and slid into an aisle seat. His mouth was wide open and he clutched his cap with both hands, tight and hard against his chest as he listened.

THE DRUMMER FORGOT he was in the theater. There was only he and the drums and they were far away. Long gone. He was holding Lulu, Helen, Susie, Mamie close in his arms. And all of them—all those girls blended into that one girl who was his wife. The one who said, "I'm leaving." She had said it over and over again, this morning, while rain dripped down the window panes.

When he hit the drums again it was with the thought that he was fighting with the piano player. He was choking the Marquis of Brund. He was putting a knife in clean between his ribs. He was slitting his throat with a long straight blade. Take my woman. Take your life.

The drums leaped with the fury that was in him. The men in the band turned their heads toward him—a faint astonishment showed in their faces.

He ignored them. The drums took him away from them, took him back, and back, and back, in time and space. He built up an illusion. He was sending out the news. Grandma died. The foreigner in the litter has an old disease and will not recover. The man from across the big water is sleeping with the chief's daughter. Kill. Kill. Kill. The war goes well with the men with the bad smell and the loud laugh. It goes badly with the chiefs with the round heads and the peacock's walk.

It is cool in the deep track in the forest. Cool and quiet. The trees talk softly. They speak of the dance tonight. The young girl from across the lake will be there. Her waist is slender and her thighs are rounded. Then the words he wanted to forget were all around Kid Jones again. "I'm leaving I'm leaving I'm leaving."

He couldn't help himself. He stopped hitting the drums and stared at the Marquis of Brund—a long malevolent look, filled with hate.

There was a restless, uneasy movement in the theater. He remembered where he was. He started playing again. The horn played a phrase. Soft and short. The drums answered. The horn said the same thing all over again. The drums repeated it. The next time it was more intricate. The phrase was turned around, it went back and forth and up and down. And the drums said it over, exactly the same.

He knew a moment of panic. This was where he had to solo again and he wasn't sure he could do it. He touched the drums lightly. They quivered and answered him.

And then it was almost as though the drums were talking about his own life. The woman in Chicago who hated him. The girl with the round, soft body who had been his wife and who had walked out on him, this morning, in the rain. The old woman who was his mother, the same woman who lived in Chicago, and who hated him because he looked like his father, his father who had seduced her and left her, years ago.

He forgot the theater, forgot everything but the drums. He was welded to the drums, sucked inside them. All of him. His pulse beat. His heart beat. He had become part of the drums. They had become part of him.

He made the big bass rumble and reverberate. He went a little mad on the big bass. Again and again he filled the theater with a sound like thunder. The sound seemed to come not from the drums but from deep inside himself; it was a sound that was being wrenched out of him—a violent, raging, roaring sound. As it issued from him he thought, this is the story of my love, this is the story of my hate, this is all there is left of me. And the sound echoed and re-echoed far up under the roof of the theater.

WHEN HE FINALLY STOPPED playing, he was trembling; his body was wet with sweat. He was surprised to see that the drums were sitting there in front of him. He hadn't become part of them. He was still himself. Kid Jones. Master of the drums. Greatest drummer in the world. Selling himself a little piece at a time. Every afternoon. Twice every evening. Only this time he had topped all his other performances. This time,

playing like this after what had happened in the morning, he had sold all of himself—not just a little piece.

Someone kicked his foot. "Bow, you ape. Whassamatter with you?"

He bowed from the waist and the spotlight slid away from him, down his pants legs. The light landed on the Marquis of Brund, the piano player. The Marquis' skin glistened like a piece of black seaweed. Then the light was back on Kid Jones.

He felt hot and he thought, I stink of sweat. The talcum he had dabbed on his face after he shaved felt like a constricting layer of cement. A thin layer but definitely cement. No air could get through to his skin. He reached for his handkerchief and felt the powder and the sweat mix as he mopped his face.

Then he bowed again. And again. Like a—like one of those things you pull the string and it jerks, goes through the motion of dancing. Pull it again and it kicks. Yeah, he thought, you were hot all right. The jitterbugs ate you up and you haven't any place to go. Since this morning you haven't had any place to go. "I'm leaving it's the guy who plays the piano I'm in love with the Marquis of Brund he plays such sweet piano I'm leaving leaving leaving—"

He stared at the Marquis of Brund for a long moment.

Then he stood up and bowed again. And again.

END

47 *Pre-print*

The No-Note Man

During rehearsals Mr. Stokowski worked out with the orchestra the B minor ("Unfinished") Symphony of Schubert, using his own orchestral parts into which he had inserted a part for bass clarinet. It happens that at the time the San Francisco Orchestra rejoiced in a bass clarinetist who was a quite temperamental gentleman, and a composer as well as a virtuoso on his particular instrument. When he took his place at rehearsal and saw a bass clarinet part for the Schubert "Unfinished," he was possessed by a fury, for naturally he knew that Schubert never wrote it.

He swore in several languages that he would be damned to hell if he would play a bass clarinet in a Schubert symphony, because Schubert had not put it there. He made such a disturbance that Howard Skinner, manager of the orchestra, trying to avert a serious situation, persuaded the bass clarinet to sit through the symphony and go through the motions of playing, but excused him from actually sounding a note. This compromise was effected and effective—Mr. Stokowski didn't notice.

—Charles O'Connell

From The Other Side of the Record (Knopf), to be published this month

UNITED NATIONS



"No, no! Remember, you're representing a troubled nation!"

Grandpa's Dod-Limbed World

**His abominations included telephones,
monopolies, automobiles, matches
— and Miss Ca'line, his wife**

by Robert Ruark

MY GRANDPA, a very contrary man, died disappointed. His faith in corn whisky had been shaken. Up until it became apparent, in his late seventies, that he was going to cash in his checks, Grandpa had regarded corn whisky as a specific against everything from a cold in the head to Miss Ca'line, his wife.

Grandpa, whose full name was Hanson Kelly Ruark, was a native of Southport, North Carolina, a little town about thirty miles from Wilmington, a deepwater port. Grandpa didn't like Southport much, so he moved. He didn't like Wilmington, either. Said it was too citified. If the truth be told, Grandpa didn't like anything much.

Grandpa was tall and skinny. He had a receding chin which he masked with a fierce red beard. A pipe grew perpetually from the corner of his mouth. He wore long drawers, which laced up the back. The lacing always peeped over his pants, and for years I thought Grandpa was a sissy. I thought the lacing came from a corset, like my mother wore.

The old gentleman affected those easy, soft shoes with elastic webbing in the sides, and he sliced big holes around his bunion areas. Grandpa thought that feet ought to have plenty of breathing space. He always wore white socks, too, because, he said, colored socks poisoned the feet. He never wore a

● ROBERT RUARK, whose column appears in many newspapers throughout the country, is the author of *Grenadine Etching*, published in September by Doubleday.

necktie in his life; he thought tying a piece of cloth around a neck was as silly as tying a rope around it, and said so.

My father, the youngest of Miss Ca'line's kids, was his mother's baby. She called him Rosebud, to Grandpa's great disgust. When Rosebud went to work at the age of fifteen, for \$4 a week, Grandpa, age thirty-seven, retired. Uncle Dan was working, and so was Uncle Fletcher, and Aunt Gus had married the best barber in town, and Aunt Claude had married the schoolteacher, and Grandpa said dod-limb it, he was tired, and he aimed to rest up a while. He rested up for forty-odd years. Grandpa had grown weary early in life, and putting in some time as Register of Deeds in Southport (while Miss Ca'line ran a boardinghouse) made his feet hurt.

Grandpa's feet started to hurt when he was in the Confederate Army. His Army days filled him with a deep distrust for motion. Grandpa hated war. He told me once that a Yankee bullet had shaved off his mustache as clean as a whistle, and that he had a hell of a time growing another one through the scar tissue. He also told me that the Confederate food was so bad he hung for days around a well that the Yankees used, hoping to get captured. Eventually a Yankee patrol captured Grandpa; he surrendered without firing a shot. He said later that on that day he enjoyed his first full meal in two years.

When Grandpa retired, he devoted himself to whisky and the fiddle. He made the fiddle himself, and when he got it made, taught himself to play it. The reason Grandpa fancied the fiddle was that a man could play it sitting down, and by switching his pipe to the outboard corner of his mouth, he could smoke and play at the same time. He could play *Pop*, *Goes the Weasel* and *Ol' Zip Coon* prettier than anybody I ever heard.

Grandpa chewed tobacco while he smoked, and although he spat accurately when sober, along about suppertime he was apt to fire high or wide. This tendency bleached a white furrow in his red beard, and decorated the vicinity of the fireplace in a manner that suggested modern painting.

Grandpa's room always smelled different from the rest of the house. It smelled like fat pine and tobacco juice and pipe smoke and whisky and old man. If I was a good boy and



Illustration by George Price

brought him up an armful of kindling—his back had a tendency to devil him—he would go to the closet and take a little nip and then he would sit down and play *Listen to the Mockingbird*, patting his foot in time to the wheezy melody. Then he would tell me about the war. Grandpa was the only Confederate veteran I ever met who did not live in a state of permanent indignation. He had a sneaking admiration for the Yankees. They were realists, and Grandpa, first and foremost, front and center, was a realist.

Hanson Kelly Ruark was a peculiar kind of cusser. He had a way of corrupting his adjectives so that they conformed to propriety without sacrificing vehemence. He said “dod-rot” and “dod-limb” more powerfully than another man could rip off a good goddam. Only once that I know of did he lapse, and that was because he was annoyed with his wife, Miss Ca’line—and if I ever knew a woman it was easy to be annoyed with, Miss Ca’line was it.

Grandpa and Miss Ca’line had the whole top floor of our house, bedrooms, livingroom, kitchen, and all, so that it was just like a private apartment. But the stairwell was a sounding board, and you could hear everything that went on topside. (We later leased that floor to four nurses, and I matured very suddenly without benefit of birds and bees.)

Anyhow, the old man was sick and it was taking twice as much whisky to drive off the pain and he had stumbled and fallen into the fireplace the night before and cut his head and he was feeling pretty low. We had a bridge party going downstairs, and I was permitted to stay up and eat some mints and shine around among the guests.

It was about 10 P.M. There was a sudden lull in the card-table chatter and we could hear the old man get up and drag himself from his room and down the hall, headed for the john. Then we heard Miss Ca’line’s querulous voice asking in a peculiarly nasty way: “Hanson, where *are* you going?”

“I am going to——,” Grandpa said, loud and clear, and told her exactly what he was going to do. I have never seen a bridge party fold up faster.

WHEN GRANDPA DIED he had a clean record of never having used a telephone.

"Never talk to nobody you can't look in the eye," he would say. "Wouldn't have one in the house, if it was my house."

One of the reasons Grandpa hated telephones so was that he was a great enemy of monopolies. Just as there was no such thing as a good telephone or a good automobile, there was no such thing as a good monopoly. Grandpa fretted about what would happen if, for example, one concern got hold of all the charred kegs and all the grain and all the bottles in the world.

He purely despised the Tide Water Power Company, which supplied light and water and transportation to our town. He hated the Tide Water for the same reason he hated the Bell Telephone Company. Just as you couldn't pick up the receiver and get a number for a cent less than the going price of a nickel, through a competitor, you couldn't stir up a rival streetcar to take you downtown. This kept Grandpa boiling mad.

Telephones, Grandpa said, made people lazy. They encouraged a lot of confounded chitterchatter when a man would be better off walking 'round the corner to do his business in person. Telephones were the agents of slothful women, who spent all their time gabbling into a transmitter when they should have been cooking in the kitchen or having babies. Grandpa didn't like women, either, probably because of his long exposure to Miss Ca'line. He felt that women were a monopoly, like the T.W.P. Company, and resented the fact that baby production was confined exclusively to their guild.

I DO NOT WANT you to get the wrong impression about my grandpa. He did not quit work because he was either sick or untalented. It was just that he regarded labor as debasing and an interference with his esthetic life.

Grandpa dearly loved to do four things. He loved to play the fiddle. He loved to drink whisky. He loved to set and think and spit into the fire. But best of all he loved to be left alone by my grandmother.

Miss Ca'line was a driving woman, and if there was any kind of woman Grandpa disliked more than an ordinary wom-

an, it was a driving woman. Miss Ca'line had no appreciation of the arts. She greatly admired money. Grandpa's obliviousness of the need to produce money kept her in a sizzling rage. If it had not been for Grandpa's pension, Miss Ca'line would have been even more intolerant of Grandpa. She nattered at him all the time; she was a lady who would have been head trustee, president of the board, and chairman of the merger, if there had been something in her life which needed a trustee or a chairman or a president. She was mad, I guess, because she never had been those things. All she had to run was Grandpa, and Grandpa was pretty hard to run. He lacked ambition.

Miss Ca'line was sort of overall fat and she had a tight mouth and a fondness for black bombazine and she didn't like my mother, because my mother had married her Rosebud. Because Grandma wasn't able to administrate the lives of anybody except Grandpa, she gave the old fellow a rough time. They may have liked each other once—the children looked like both of them—but the liking had ceased somewhere in the past, before Grandpa quit work.

Grandma was the reason why Grandpa liked to keep us home. If Miss Ca'line had nobody to talk to, why, then, she would talk to Grandpa. This upset his digestion, and his digestion was very delicate. Grandma said it was the chewing tobacco and the whisky made it that way, but Grandpa said it was Miss Ca'line's heavy hand with the grease in the skillet.

Grandpa, partly because of his early war experience and partly because of his fear of being left alone with Miss Ca'line, frowned on all modes of transportation. He called them gallivanting. Gallivanting, to Grandpa, embraced anything connected with setting foot in an auto, riding a train, or getting aboard a boat. He dismissed airplanes as ridiculous. He even objected to my bicycle. It had wheels.

The old man's objection to locomotion was basic. His feet hurt. His operating range was short. In the morning, he took a walk to Cox's store, a distance of one block. There he would converse briefly on the frailty of the nation and buy a plug of tobacco. Twice a week he met his bootlegger there. After picking up a gallon jug of white corn—Grandpa's palate de-

teriorated in his later years—he would walk home again and not stir from the house until dusk.

In the cool of the evening he would stroll down to the cowlot and pigpen, a round trip of less than a thousand yards. He liked pigs and cows because they stayed put. He hated my billygoat, because Billy's appetite for Ford fenders and tin cans stamped him as more machine than animal.

But, as I was saying, Grandpa believed people should stay home. If there was a story in the papers about a grisly auto accident, Grandpa read it aloud and was almost jovial for a week. If there was a train wreck, he rolled the news unctuously on his tongue. When the Titanic went down, it was a personal achievement for Grandpa.

Grandpa believed, passionately, that if enough planes fell out of the skies and enough cars crashed into culverts, if enough trains ran off the track and enough ships rammed icebergs, one day the human race would decide that movement was perilous. Eventually, he figured, this trend would extend to my mother and father, and they would quit gallivanting all the way to Wrightsville Beach, a distance of eight miles.

My grandpa was pretty bitter because he just knew the world was never going to see things his way. Even twenty years ago he sensed that we were living in, at best, an unstable age. He died before the depression hit with full force, but he had been predicting it for years. Grandpa would have loved the atom. He would have thought that it was the perfect fate for a gallivanting, lallygagging bunch of flit-brains who didn't have sense enough to hold still.

He was walking down to the cowlot one evening, lost in reverie and moonshine, when spontaneous combustion in his coat pocket touched off a box of matches. Before Grandpa decided that what he smelled burning was Grandpa, he had lost half a coat and a hip pocket, not to mention a few square inches of skin. After that Grandpa lit his pipe with a straw, which he plucked from a broom, which he kept leaning close to the fireplace for that purpose.

"I never heard of a dod-limbed broomstraw exploding and setting fire to a man when he ain't looking," Grandpa said,

dismissing science for all time.

In his fading years, Grandpa became a legend among the Negroes—a legend that expanded visibly after his death. One night in 1929, Grandpa's ghost came back, red beard and all. Grandpa's ghost used to walk to the cowpen and back every night, puffing at an intangible pipe, spitting ectoplasmic tobacco juice, and muttering a spectral "dod-limb-it" when he saw the state of disrepair into which the truck garden had fallen through the negligence of Jake Kelly, the hired man. I know that Grandpa's ghost came back, because Jake saw him, and that night the cow went unmilked. "I just couldn't milk no cow," Jake said, "with the old man lookin' over my shoulder."

When Grandpa's ghost wearied of walking to the cowlot, it would walk to Cox's store. I know this is true, too, because Lil, the cook, said she was always running into a breath of warm air. "When you feels that sudden rush of air," Lil said, "you just knows that there is a hant around." In later years Grandpa's ghost got tired of walking and moved back into the house. Lil quit.

We all knew it when he moved in. We could hear the floors creak at his appointed hours of movement. The fireplace had been cleaned until it was as sanitary as a surgeon's surplice, but from time to time you could get an unmistakable whiff of tobacco juice and whisky. On real special nights, when a storm was brewing and the planes were grounded, the nurses upstairs complained of hearing faint, squeaky fiddle sounds.

We lost that house in the depression, and some unpleasant people moved in. Grandpa was dead and Miss Ca'line was dead and Jake was gone and so was I and so were the folks, and Grandpa didn't like the new tenants. The cowlot became overgrown with Jimson weed and the grape arbor went to hell and the pecan tree was inbred and the peach trees were nothing but gummy ooze and wormy, twisted fruit.

So one night the house just burned down. There was a whiff of warm air before the fire broke out. It was started, I understand, with a broomstraw.

Grandpa's shade never would have unbent so far as to use a match.

END

MORE CAPA INVENTIONS

In his attempt to identify the many characters that the fabulous Robert Capa has created for himself, John Hersey (in THE MAN WHO INVENTED HIMSELF, '47 September) pointed out that probably no man knew all of them. For additional firsthand versions, '47 has turned to several of Capa's acquaintances. Extracts from their letters follow:

From William Saroyan:

Sirs:

As I remember Bob Capa in London in 1944 and in Paris in 1945, he was a poker player whose sideline was picture-taking, a business he loathed. Next to myself, I believe he was the worst poker player in the London and Paris games. It is not unlikely that I am the only player in the world who lost to him. Half the time I am proud of this distinction, half the time I am proud of Capa, and as he might go on to say, half the time I am proud of everybody. It's

better than being ashamed of them.

In London, Capa arranged some good games. He always picked out a fancy suite of rooms at a fancy hotel and there was always a lot to drink. Once there was a ten-gallon glass jug borrowed from an atomic research laboratory, and it was full of fresh peaches floating around in spirits, as the English put it. Three dozen hangers-on were dipping cups into the jug and guzzling the stuff and not paying for it. Capa's notion, I believe, was to get everybody cockeyed and then sit them down in the big game and take all their money, and in that way pay for the peaches—there must have been eleven of them—but when the game got going, damned if Capa wasn't cockeyed himself. He never dropped out, though, and he never won. I kept figuring out his expenses and his losses, and together they came to enough to start a shoestring moving picture studio. I asked him if he wanted to start

a shoestring moving picture studio and he said, "Capa only sells shoestrings," whatever that meant.

In Paris one night we met at the Scribe bar just as a private of the American Army was being politely refused a drink because only officers and correspondents and photographers and similar draft dodgers were permitted in the place. Capa said something soothing in Hungarian to the bartender—his name was Luigi; he was trying to pass for a Parisian and an undergrounder; actually, he was a native of Naples—and I said something soothing to the private in Armenian, whereupon the private, the bartender, Capa, and myself began shaking hands and drinking cognac.

I was at the bar to meet a French publisher who had invited me to a literary party. Knowing no French, I urged Capa to go instead, which he did. He said there had been a good-sized bowl to drink out of at the party, although without peaches. I wondered how that omission had been permitted and Capa said, "Only Capa knows how to grow peaches." This, I believe, was an exaggeration. The eleven peaches had been brought over to him by the State Department, which was probably under the impression that the order from Capa deserved respect and the employ-

ment of a destroyer because the peaches were needed either to help cement Anglo-American relations, or in some secret project which it would not do to investigate at that time, in the interest of security.

• • •

From Irwin Shaw:

Sirs:

Capa is a dangerous influence because he has perfected the trick of making life among the bombed cities and the stinking battlefields of our time seem gay and dashing and glamorous. His is a career of flight; flight from the dreadful evidence of his own cameras. It is a flight which takes him in many directions, but always, inexorably, in the same style. It is an appealing style, old-fashioned and formalized, and its first and only rule is: remain debonair.

How a poverty-stricken young wanderer through the hideous slums of Europe between the wars could have chosen this ludicrously chivalric motto as his guiding principle, probably not even Capa fully understands. And it is a rigorous and demanding creed to live up to. It means that one must never seem weary, one must always be ready to go to the next bar or the next war, no matter how late the hour or unattractive the war. It means that a man must always

sit through every poker pot and call every hand; must lose six months salary and buy the next round of drinks, lend thoughtlessly and borrow ceremoniously, consort only with very pretty women, preferably those who are mentioned often in the newspapers; it means that one must always know where to buy a bottle, in the driest town, and what restaurants are serving the best dinners, even in times of famine.

Only in the morning, as he staggers out of bed, does Capa show that the tragedy and sorrow through which he has passed have left their marks on him. His face is gray, his eyes are dull and haunted by the dark dreams of the night; here, at last, is the man whose camera has peered at so much death and so much evil, here is a man despairing and in pain, regretful, not stylish, undebonair. Then Capa drinks down a strong, bubbling draught, shakes himself, experimentally tries on his afternoon smile, discovers that it works, knows once more that he has the strength to climb the glittering hill of the day, dresses, and sets out, nonchalant, carefully light-hearted, to the bar of "21", or the Scribe, or the Dorchester, all places where this homeless man can be at home, where he can find his friends and amuse them and

where his friends can help him forget the bitter, lonely, friendless hours of the night behind him and the night ahead.

• • •

From Vincent Sheean:

Sirs:

Capa was at Bilbao in 1937 when the Germans bombarded it—that was at the same time as the evacuation of the Basque children to England. Guernica time too. A hellish time. Capa was going along taking his pictures when a Stuka or a JU-88 came bang over. He jumped for a ditch and two other people jumped into the same ditch at the same time.

He thought it only right and proper that he should introduce himself somehow, so he said: "I am a photographer." The next man said: "I am a Basque Catholic." The third man said: "Those are two professions that are of no use at this moment."

Perhaps it didn't happen. Perhaps only part of it happened. Perhaps it all happened. That's what is curious about the Capa mythology.

• • •

From Bill Graffin:

Sirs:

People say that the Happy Hungarian lacked fear of any assign-

ment during the war. Don't get me wrong. I think Capa has a plethora of guts, but on his part it was always a beautiful demonstration of smart bravery.

As an officer in the 82nd Airborne I once asked Capa to go on a small troop-carrier re-supply mission to the Maquis. He refused, stating, "To your pilots and the Maquis the mission is important. To my editor it means only one or two pictures at the most. To Capa, it is not worth the trouble of such a small affair to get his beautiful head blown off, without benefit, at least, of a four page spread. I refuse, my old."

I'll ride with you on the statement that Capa was probably the greatest photographer of World War II, just because he was smart enough to weigh the risk to himself against magazine space.

Moreover, Capa is one of the most truly liberal and democratic gentlemen I have ever had the pleasure to know. Capa will chase any woman regardless of race, color, creed, height, age, weight, marital status or nationality.

• • •

From General James M. Gavin:

Sirs:

Capa first came to the 82nd Airborne Division in Africa. He flew

with the parachute assault echelon that fateful first night of the Sicilian invasion. That one should have convinced him that the best place to be in a parachute operation is back home with Hemingway's *Men at War*. But not for Capa. From then on he kept mumbling in Capa-language about wanting to jump. We finally got around to it in England when he took the requisite five training jumps. Then he kept after us to make a combat jump.

Since we could not predict the exact date of our next combat jump it meant that he would have to wait around with us and sweat it out. This was not to his liking. Torn between idling about Leicestershire and the flesh pots of Soho, he displayed an understandable leaning to the latter. September 17 found the division, without Capa, winging over the North Sea en route to the invasion of Holland. He never quite forgave us.

He spent a great deal of time with us after that, though. I believe we actually ran a rest camp for Capa. But he was a good guy to have around. His conversation wasn't limited to subject "A", or how to take good pictures. He had had a lot of practical combat experience, and he knew more about judging combat troops and how to fight than most of the so-called experts.

END



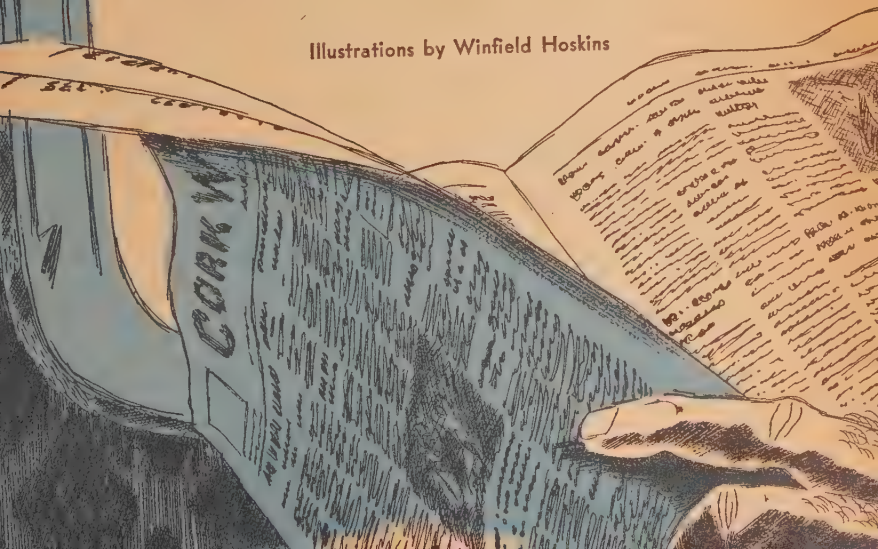
THE BARE STAIRS

by Sean O'Faolain

At the top was the King's Honours List—and pity. A story

ALL THE WAY from Dublin my traveling companion had not spoken a dozen words. After we had left Kingsbridge, he had wrapped a rug about his legs, settled into his corner, and dozed. He was a bull-shouldered man, about sixty, with coarse, sallow skin stippled with large pores and furrowed by deep lines on either side of his mouth: I could imagine him dragging these little dykes open when shaving. He was dressed so conventionally that he might be a judge, a diplomat, a shopwalker, or an old-time Shakespearian actor: black coat, striped trousers, gray spats, white edge inside his waistcoat, butterfly collar folded deeply, and a black cravat held by a gold clasp with a tiny diamond. He was obviously an Englishman who had crossed to Ireland the night before.

Illustrations by Winfield Hoskins



About the time the steam of the train lifted to show the black January clouds sweeping across the Galtees, the ticket-checker came in from the corridor and tipped his shoulder. As the passenger took back his ticket, he asked, "What time do we arrive in Cork?" He said the word "Cork" as only a Corkman can say it, giving the "r" its distinctively delicate palatal trill: not saying "Corrrk," or "Cohk." Unmistakeably a Corkonian.

At Mallow I came back from tea to find him stretching his legs on the platform. He bought a paper and so did I, and as we went on our way we both read. My eye floated from a headline about a liquor licensing case to a headline beside it: *Corkman in Birthday Honours List*. The piece referred to "Francis James Nugent, Baronet: for War Services." I looked across at him.

"Did you say something?" he asked.

"No, no! Or, rather, I don't think so."

"Pretty cold," he said, in a friendly way. "Though I will say one thing for the G.S.R., they do heat their trains."

"Yes, it's nice and warm today. They're not, of course, the G.S.R. now, you know. They're called Corus Iompair Eireann."

"What's that? Irish for G.S.R.?"

"More or less."

We talked a bit about the revival of the language. Not that he was interested; he was merely tolerant. After a bit I said, "I see there's a Corkman in the new Honours List."

"Oh?"

I glanced up at the rack and said, with a grin, "I see the initials on your hat-box."

He chuckled, pleased. "I suppose I'd better plead guilty."

"Congratulations."

"Thank you."

"I see that you went to the same school as myself."

"Are you the old Red and Green too?"

"Up the Abbey!"

He laughed, pleased again. "Does all that go on just the same as before?"

• Although best known for his novel *A Nest of Simple Folk*, SEAN O'FAOLAIN has a growing reputation as one of Ireland's foremost short story writers. Another of his tales appeared in '47 April.

"It goes on. Perhaps not just the same as before. . . . I suppose in those days you little thought you'd be coming back to Cork one day as Sir Francis Nugent."

He peered at me through his cigarette smoke and nodded sagely. "I knew."

"You did!"

"I shouldn't have said that. I couldn't know. But I had a pretty good idea."

Then he leaned forward and let down all his reserves. My heart sank. He was at the favorite theme of every successful man: "How I Began." But as he went on I felt rebuked.

"You know, it's extraordinary the things that set a fellow going. I always knew I'd get somewhere. Not merely that but I can tell you the very hour I made up my mind I was going to get there. I don't think I was more than fourteen or fifteen at the time. It was as simple as that"—snapping his fingers.

"IT WAS ALL on account of a little man named Angelo—one of the monks who was teaching us. He's gone to God by now. There was a time when I thought he was the nicest little man in the whole school. Very handsome. Cheeks as red as a girl's, black bristly hair, blue eyes, and perfect teeth. He was absolutely full of life. He was really just a big boy and that's probably why we got on so well with him. I've seen him get as much fun out of solving a quadratic equation or a problem in Euclid as a kid with a new toy. He had a marvelous trick of flinging his cappa over one shoulder, shoving his two wrists out of his sleeves like a conjuror, snapping up a bit of chalk, and saying, 'Watch what I'm going to do now,' that used to make us sit bolt upright at our desks. And if you could have seen the way he'd kick ball with us in the yard—you know the old yard at the back of West Abbey! All we had was a lump of paper tied with twine—shouting and racing like any of us. He really was a good chap. We were very fond of him.

"Too fond of him, I've often thought. He knew it, you see, and it made him put too much of himself into everything we did. And the result was that we were next door to helpless without him. If he was tired, or had a headache, or sagged,

we sagged. If he was away sick and somebody else had to take charge of us we were a set of duffers.

"One particularly nice thing about him was that he had no favorites, no pets as we used to call them. But he was—what shall I say?—more than a little partial to me. And for a very, if you like to call it, silly reason. In those days, you see, politics were very hot in Cork city; very hot and very passionate. Those were the old Irish Party days. John Redmond had one party called the Molly Maguires, and William O'Brien had another party called the All for Irelanders. Mind you, if you asked me now what it was all about, I'd find it very hard to tell you, because they were all the one party at Westminster, and they were all agreed about Home Rule, but once it came to election time they tore one another to pieces. Fights in the street every night; baton-charges; clashes between rival bands, instruments smashed on the pavements.

"Well, Angelo was a Molly, and I needn't tell you he was just as excited about politics as he was about everything else, and I was also a Molly and a very hot one. Not that I understood anything at all about it but just that my father was one of the hottest Redmondites in the city of Cork. And, of course, nothing would do Angelo but to bring politics into class. He'd divide the class into Mollies and All Fors, and when we'd be doing Euclid or reciting poetry, he'd set one team against an-



other, and he'd work up the excitement until the fellows would be clambering across the desks. If any fellow let down his side we'd glare at him, and if he scored a point, we'd cheer him as if he'd kicked a goal in an All Ireland Final.

• "It was on one of these days that it happened. We were at Euclid's Eighth Problem. The Mollies wanted one point to pull even. I was the last man in—and I muffed it. And no wonder, with Angelo shouting at me like a bull, 'Come on, now, Frankie. If AB be placed on CD. Up the Mollies. Go on, Frankie. Go on. If AB. . .'

"The All Fors won. Angelo laughed it off with, 'Very good, very good, back to yeer places now. Work is work. This isn't The Old Market Place. Now for tomorrow,' and so on.

"But he kept me in after school. There I sat, alone in the empty classroom, upstairs, you know the one, near the ball-alley, with the crows outside in the yard picking up the crusts, and the dusk falling over the city, and Angelo, never speaking a word, walking up and down the end of the room reading his Office. He kept me there until five o'clock rang. Then he told me to go home and went off himself up to the monastery.

"I walked out of the yard behind him, and at that moment, if I had had a revolver in my hand I'd have shot him. I wouldn't have cared if he'd beaten me black and blue. I wouldn't have cared if he'd given me extra work to do. But he'd deliberately got me into trouble with my father and mother, and what that meant he understood exactly. When I tell you that my father was a tailor and my mother was a seamstress, I needn't tell you any more. When a kid's mother has to work as hard as his father to push him through school, you can guess the whole picture. I don't seem to remember an hour, except for Sundays, when one or other, or both sewing machines weren't whirring in that little room where we lived, down by the distillery, sometimes until twelve or one o'clock at night.

"I remember that day as I walked home I kept saying to myself over and over again, 'If only my mummy wasn't sick.' All the way, around by the tannery. You possibly know the little terrace of houses. Dark. We had only two rooms. In the hall. I can still get that stuffy smell that had been locked

up there for a hundred and fifty years. Up the bare stairs. On the landing there was a tap dripping into an old leaden trough that had been there since the year dot. I could hear father's machine whirring. I remember I stopped at the window and picked a dead leaf from the geraniums. I went up the last few steps and I lifted the latch. My father was bent over the machine: specs on his forehead, black skeins of thread around his neck, bare arms. My mother was wrapped in shawls in the basket-chair before the fire. I could draw that room: the two machines, my bed in one corner, my dinner still on the table, the tailor's goose heating on the grate. The machine stopped.

"In the name of God what happened to you, boy?" says my father. "Is there anything wrong? What kept you? Your poor mother there is out of her head worrying about you."

"Ah, I was just kept in, sir," says I, passing it off as airily as I could. "How are you, Mummy?"

"The old man caught me by the arm.

"Kept in?" says he, and the way he said it you'd think I was after coming out of the lock-up. "Why were you kept in?"

"Ah, 'twas just a bit of Euclid I didn't know, that's all."

"It was only then I noticed that the mother was asleep. I put my hand to my lips begging him not to waken her. He let a roar out of him. 'A nice disgrace!'

"What is it, what is it, Frankie?" she says, waking up in a fright. "What did they do to you, boy?"

"'Twas nothing at all, Mummy, just that I didn't know a bit of Euclid. I had to stay back to learn it."

"A nice how d'ye do! And why didn't you know your Euclid?"—and he had me up against the wall and his fist raised.

"It wasn't really Euclid at all, father. It was all Angelo's fault. It was all politics. He divided the class into All Fors and Mollies and because the All Fors won he kept me in out of spite. Honestly, that's all it was."

"Holy God," whispers the old man. "So it wasn't only the Euclid. But lettin' down John Redmond in front of the whole class. That's what you did, is it?"

"Oh, for God's sake, Billy," says the mother, "don't mind John Redmond. 'Tis little John Redmond or any other John

cares about us, but 'tis the work. the work. What are we slaving for, boy, day and night, and all the rest of it? There's your poor father working himself to the bone to send you through school. Nothing matters, boy, but the work! The work!"

"'Tisn't only the work,' says the old man. 'Tisn't only the work,' and he was sobbing over it. 'but to think of poor John Redmond fighting night after night for Ireland, standing up there in the House of Commons, and you—you brat—couldn't even do a sum in Euclid to stand by him! In your own school! Before everybody! Look at him,' he wails, with his arm up to the picture of John Redmond on the wall, with his hooked nose and his jowls like an old country woman. 'Look at the dacent gentleman. A man that never let down his side. A gentleman to the tips of his toes if there ever was one. And you couldn't do a simple sum in Euclid to help him. Th' other fellows could do it. The All Fors could. But not my son!"

"And with that he gave me a crack that nearly sent me into the fire.

"The end of it was that I was on my knees with my head on the mother's lap, blubbering, and the old man with his two hands up to John Redmond, and the tears flowing down his face like rain, and the mother wailing, 'Won't you promise, Frankie, won't you promise to work, boy,' and I promising and promising anything if she'd only stop crying.

"That was the moment that I swore to myself to get on. But wait! You won't understand why until I've finished.

"THE NEXT DAY Angelo took the same problem. He took it at the same hour. And he asked me to do it again. Now, kids are no fools. I knew by the look on his face why he asked me to do it. He wanted to make friends with me, to have the same as if yesterday had never happened. But I knew what had happened inside me the night before. The problem, step by step—I knew it perfectly. 'I'll do it, Frankie,' he says, smiling at me, 'that's what I'll do yesterday.'

very lordly, tired voice, 'I just didn't

"I knew what was coming to me, and I wanted it, and to make sure that I got it, I gave him that sort of insolent smile that drives grown-ups mad with children. I've seen that smile on my own children's faces now and again and when I see it I have to go outside the door for fear I'd knock them the length of the room. That is what Angelo did to me. I got up off the floor and I sat back in my place and I had the same insolent smile on my face.

"Now, if you please," says Angelo, reaching for his cane, and he was as white as his teeth, 'will you kindly do the next problem?"

"I did it, step by step, calm as a breeze, down to the Q.E.D. I'd prepared it the night before. 'Right,' says Angelo, and his voice was trembling with rage. 'Do the next problem.'

"I had him where I wanted him. He was acting unfairly, and he knew it, and the class knew it. I had that problem prepared too. Just to tease him I made a couple of slips, but just as he'd be reaching for the cane I'd correct them. I was a beast, but he'd made me a beast. I smiled at him, and he looked at me. We both knew that from that moment it was war to the knife.

"I worked that night until twelve o'clock; and I worked every night until twelve o'clock up to the time I left school. I never gave him a chance. I had to, because until the day I left that place he followed me. He followed me into Middle Grade. And into Senior Grade. He made several efforts to make it up with me, but I wouldn't let him. Not even when he'd fawn on me. I sat for the Civil Service and I got first place in the British Isles in three subjects out of five, Geometry, Chemistry, and History; third in Mathematics, fifth in German. I did worst in German because I didn't have Angelo for German. I think I can say without arrogance that I was the most brilliant student that ever passed out of West Abbey school."

Sir Francis leaned back.

"You must have worked like the devil."

"I did."

"Well, it was worth it."

He looked out over the fields and the
mur, as if he were thinking aloud.

"I don't know. For me? Yes, perhaps. I had no youth. For them? I don't know. I didn't work to get on, I worked to get out. I didn't work to please my mother or my father. I hated my mother and I hated my father from the day they made me cry. They did the one thing to me that I couldn't stand up against. They did what that little cur Angelo planned they'd do. They broke my spirit with pity. They made me cry with pity. Oh, I didn't go on hating them. I was too sorry for them. But that's where they lost everything. A boy can be sorry for people who are weak but he can't respect them. And you can't love people if you don't respect them. I pitied them and I despised them. That's the truth."

"**Y**OU DON'T LOOK like a man whose spirit was ever broken," I laughed, a little embarrassed.

"The spirit is always broken by pity. Oh, I patched it up pretty well. I made a man of myself. Or, rather," he said with passion, "with what was left of myself after they'd robbed me of my youth that I spent slaving to get away from them."

"You'd have slaved anyway. You were full of ambition."

"If I did I'd have done it for ambition alone. I tell you I did it for pity and hate and pride and contempt and God knows what other reason. No. They broke my spirit all right. I know it. The thing I've put in its place is a very different thing. I know it. I've met plenty of men who've got along on ambition, and they're whole men. I know it. I'm full of what they put into me—pity and hate and rage and pride and contempt for the weak and anger against all bullying, but above all pity, chock-a-block with it. I know it. Pity is the most disgusting of all human emotions. I know it."

"What happened to Angelo?"

"I don't know. Nor care. Died, I suppose."

"And . . . your father?"

"Fifteen years after I left Cork, he died. I never saw him. I brought my mother to live with me in London."

"That was good. You were fond of her."

"I was sorry for her. That's what she asked me for when I was a boy. I've been sorry for her all my life. Ah!"

His eyes lit up. I looked sideways to see what had arrested him. It was the first lights of Cork, and, mingling with the smoke over the roofs, the January night. Behind the violet hills the last cinder of the sun made a saffron horizon. As the train roared into the tunnel we could see children playing in the streets below the steep embankment, and he was staring at them thirstily, and I must have imagined that I heard their happy shouts. Then the tunnel opened and swallowed us.

There were no lights in the carriage. All I could see was the occasional glow of his cigarette. Presently the glow moved and my knee was touched. His voice said. "She's with me on this train. My mother. I'm bringing her back to Cork."

"Will she like that?"

"She's dead."

The train roared on through the tunnel. As we passed under the first tunnel-vent a drip of water fell on the roof. The tiny glow swelled and ebbed softly.

"I'm very sorry."

His voice said, in the darkness. "I meant to bury her in London. But I couldn't do it. Silly, wasn't it?"

After a while another drip of water splashed on the roof. The windows were gray.

"You did the kind thing."

His voice was so low that I barely heard it.

"Kind."

In a few more minutes we were drawing up in steam alongside the lighted platform. He was standing up, leaning over his hatbox. From it he lifted a silk topper and a dark scarf. He put on his black frockcoat. "Good-by," he said politely, and beckoned to a porter.

END



NEW EYE, NEW UNIVERSE

At Palomar, a telescope at last may penetrate into the nature of creation itself

by David O. Woodbury

WITHIN THE next several months, the famous 200-inch Palomar telescope, capable of penetrating celestial mysteries a billion light years away, will be ready for operation. Astronomers expect that this inconceivably delicate and powerful instrument will add vastly to our knowledge of outer space and the nature of the universe. Beyond that, there is a hope that it will give us clues to the most complex enigma of all: creation. These mysteries have long been the subject of speculation by philosopher-scientists; the new telescope provides a great opportunity to wed theory and fact.

When men first turn this tele-

scope heavenward and, symbolically, voyage toward the outer rim of the universe, they will travel more than a billion years backward into cosmic history. What they may discover is almost beyond conceiving. Perhaps the depths of space are too profound for man, or any man-made engine, to fathom. Or perhaps he has, at last, an instrument capable of setting the mighty time-scale of the universe as a whole, and even of fixing an approximate date for the dawn of creation.

What are the problems the instrument may solve? First, there is the enigma of "empty" space. Is the cosmos a void spattered with occasional bits of matter? Is it, as Einstein believes, filled with a combination of mass and energy? Is the universe closed, finite in size, with definable boundaries?

• DAVID WOODBURY began writing about the great telescope in *The Glass Giant of Palomar*. He is the author of many books and articles on science subjects.

And what lies beyond? What of the theory of the expanding universe? Have the heavenly bodies been turbulently rushing away from each other since creation, and will they, at some point, turn back in upon, and destroy, themselves?

The giant instrument at Palomar has cost six million dollars and has taken twenty years work by the world's finest optical and engineering experts. It is not a mammoth spyglass, but rather a precision camera, whose findings will be written in terms of billions of years, miles to the twenty-first power of ten, and velocities fully half the speed of light. Yet the actual measurements that establish these inconceivable quantities will be made with micrometers on photographs a few inches square.

Visitors to Palomar Mountain, annoyed to find that they cannot take a peek at the stars, are unaware that body heat alone is capable of upsetting the instrument's delicate balance and that they would, in any event, be unable to see anything intelligible. Not even the astronomers will look through the great instrument, except for occasional checking or relaxation. Photo-chemistry will replace the human eye—and eliminate its capacity for error. Everything the machine discovers will be revealed by one raw material only, light—

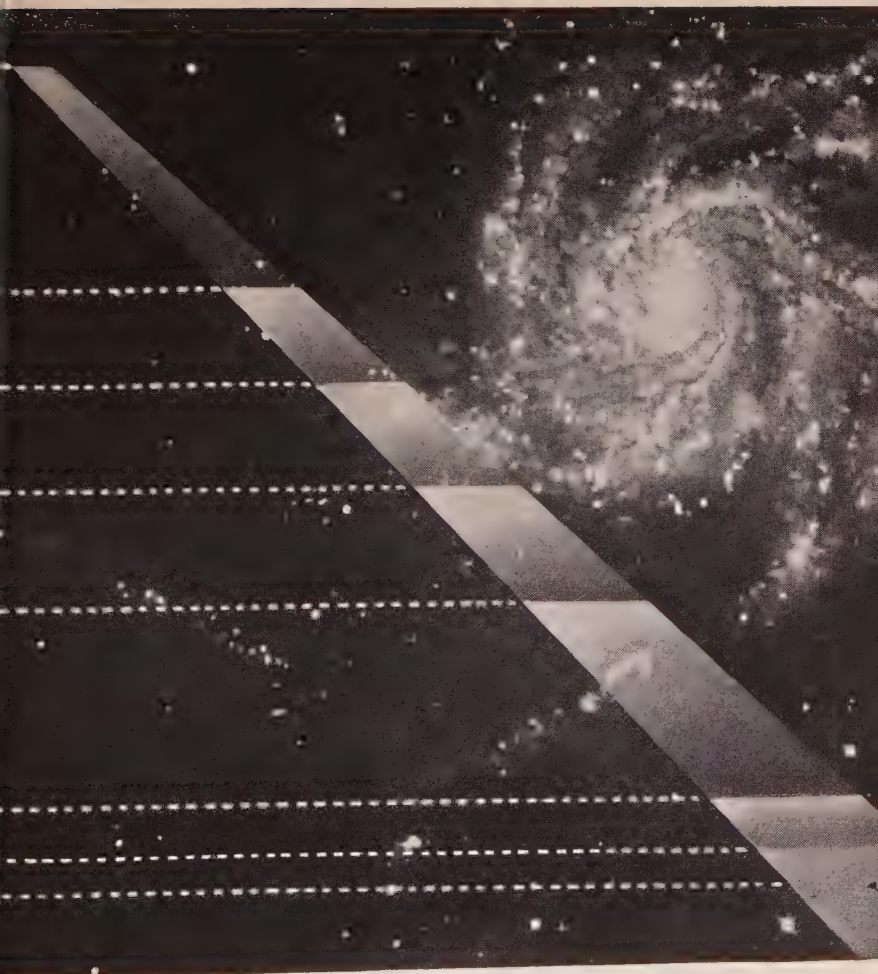
| Telescope | Size | Range |
|---------------|------|----------------|
| Mt. Palomar — | 200" | — 1 Billion |
| Mt. Wilson — | 100" | — 500 Million |
| McDonald — | 82" | — 400 Million |
| Harvard — | 61" | — 300 Million |
| Lowell — | 44" | — 200 Million |
| Yerkes — | 40" | |
| Huygens — | 6" | — 30 Million |
| Galileo — | 13¼" | — 6 Million |
| Human eye — | 1/3" | — 800 Thousand |

Diagram by Harold Faye

Photographs by Mt. Wilson Observatory

In this chart of the development of the telescope in light years. Above, superimposed on a photograph

often starlight so faint that a single plate may require exposure night after night for a week, before any image is obtained. Tiny differences in wave length, minute



the column on the left lists the most famous instruments, their diameters, and their ranges of a spiral nebula, is a pictorial representation of the relative power of these instruments

variations in color and intensity, must supply all the data for confirming theories of cosmic importance. There will be no drama at Palomar in terms of ordinary hu-

man action. Years of painstaking search and analysis, most of it as steadily routine as casting up accounts in a bank, will be necessary before the actual structure of the

universe can be comprehended.

THE STORY of Palomar began ten years ago at the California Institute of Technology in Pasadena when the slow fashioning of the seventeen-foot mirror commenced under the expert hands of Dr. John A. Anderson and his assistants. Anderson has now pronounced the glass finished. Its "Hartmann Criterion" has been reduced by careful polishing to one one-hundredth of a second of arc. This means that the mirror would focus the light from a star to an image only $1/360,000$ of a degree in diameter if the atmosphere did not interfere. Nevertheless, Anderson refused to let the mirror leave the shop till he had refined its shallow curve to within two-millionths of an inch of absolute perfection at every point.

The mirror will soon be in place, its gossamer-thin reflecting surface of aluminum ready to look into the heavens with 800,000 times the power of both human eyes, whose lenses open to a maximum diameter of a third of an inch in total darkness.

Incredible accuracy has been built into every part of the great instrument. It will automatically follow a heavenly body as it crosses the night sky, making cor-

rections for temperature, humidity, barometric pressure, and the varying refraction of the atmosphere. An electro-mechanical "computer", similar to wartime antiaircraft weapon directors, does this. Into the computer before the night's recording begins, the astronomers insert local weather information, which combines with other intricate data dependent upon the position of the 580-ton mechanism; all this is converted into mathematical equations by metal fingers and solved in the robot's whirring brain. The result is transmitted to the driving motors, so that the telescope co-ordinates almost perfectly with a star's slightest change in position.

Inevitably there will be slight errors due to twisting and bending of parts, tiny lags in electrical controls, possibly even a few small inconsistencies in design. But all these faults, too, will be determined by tests and checks made in charted celestial areas; finally one last correction will be made to adjust all previous corrections. The telescope will then be ready for its travels on the high seas of space.

What are the known facts which will chart its course across the universe?

On a fine winter's night we may see several thousand stars with the

unaided eye. When Galileo focussed the first telescope on the sky in 1609, he discovered a hundred times as many more. Modern astronomy has multiplied that beyond count. But the main elements of the universe are not stars but vast clouds of stars called nebulae, themselves counted in the millions, and separated from each other by awesome chasms of emptiness. Only two measuring units can cope with such distances: one is the light-year, a yardstick about six trillion miles long; the other is the megaparsec, which is 200,000 million times the diameter of the earth's orbit around the sun.

We ourselves live in a nebula of some twenty billion stars, the Galaxy, which resembles a dinner plate whirling edgewise through space. Light requires 100,000 years to cross from rim to opposite rim. Most other nebulae seem to be of similar shape and size. The nearest of them all, faintly visible a little south and east of the "W" in the constellation Andromeda, is 900,000 light-years away. Mount Wilson's 100-inch reflector, opened in 1917, which extended the boundaries of visible space from a few million to half a billion light-years, uncovered thousands upon thousands of nebulae—*island universes*—scattered

fairly evenly in all directions, like flecks of foam on a stormy ocean.

Twenty-five years ago, V. M. Slipher at the Lowell Observatory discovered that the bright lines of hydrogen and other familiar elements seen in the spectra of distant nebulae, were shifted a little toward the red. He and others decided that, as a train whistle's pitch becomes lower as it moves away, so this "red shift" was evidence that the star-islands were moving away from the Galaxy at enormous speeds. Edwin Hubble at Mount Wilson later found a consistent pattern in this peculiar motion; the farther away the nebulae were, the redder their light, hence, the faster they were probably moving. By 1933, a speed of 15,000 miles per second had been assigned to bodies 150 million light-years out, and, as Hubble had shown, this "radial velocity" was directly proportional to remoteness.

THERE WERE OTHER possible explanations for the red shift. Perhaps light, traveling so far to reach us, "got tired" and stretched out a little. Perhaps it was invisible cosmic dust that reddened the light, as moisture crimsons a setting sun. No one knew positively.

Careful observations at Mount Wilson gradually increased the

data on the red shift, and in thirty years never turned up a single fact that disproved the theory of radial velocity. But the universe was far too small as the 100-inch saw it. Much more distant data was needed. Inspired by this limitation and by the fascinating riddles the telescope had posed, George Ellery Hale persuaded the Rockefeller General Education Board, in 1928, to put up the millions needed for Palomar. With twice the diameter of mirror, eight times the volume of space could be investigated, and a real sampling assured.

In the twenty years since construction was begun on it, much new information has been contributed on the nature of the astrophysical world. Beginning with Einstein's General Theory of Relativity in 1915, mathematicians have been hammering their way toward a tenable concept of the universe, based on the red shift. De Sitter, Lemaitre, Birkhoff, Edington, and Jeans took divergent routes, but arrived at much the same belief—the postulate of the expanding universe.

In cosmology there is no such thing as a "straight" line. Any line projected far enough becomes curved. Hence, all of these scientists today picture the cosmos as a mathematical solid of four dimen-

sions—a "closed" universe in which space curves back upon itself and is finite in size. This can best be understood by analogy with the earth's own surface, a curved plane without beginning or end, center or rim.

These immense factors of the universe do not show on earth, nor even in the vastness of our Galaxy. It takes millions of aggregations of stars—millions of nebulae—to produce the curves that shut us in. Hence the cosmologists, concerned only with the whole, have been plodding along alone, in so rare a region that no practical experimenter, limited by the unsatisfactory instruments at hand, could follow them. But, in this year of 1947, fact-collecting astronomers have completed a tool so powerful that they can now join their more speculative colleagues and proceed from conjecture toward fact.

There are many lifetimes of careful work ahead before these vast concepts can be backed by proof. Meanwhile, what are the discoveries we shall be reading about in the next twenty years?

First comes the mystery of space itself. Classical theory held there was nothing in space but stars whizzing through an "ether" which acted like a solid but looked like a void. New cosmic theories contradict this. The Einstein mass-

The "horse's head" nebula in Orion is an opaque mass of dust and gases. Its exact composition is one of the mysteries Palomar astronomers hope to solve

energy equation, made famous by the atomic bomb, tells us that space is filled with a combination of mass and energy. Einstein believes space is, or was, packed with atoms, more or less evenly distributed, more or less inactive. De Sitter holds that it is packed with energy and almost empty of matter. The truth is likely to be somewhere in between.

In our Galaxy there are gigantic dust clouds, some of them with edges as sharply defined as massive thunderheads. If stars can be seen through them, with the help of infrared light and electronic multipliers, then we may find out their true nature. By observing enough of them, we may write their history and assign the laws by which they live and die.

Every nebula but our own has a brilliant nucleus of stars, close-packed and blazing with an intensity far beyond that of its surroundings. *But our Galaxy has none.* Our nucleus should be visible in the constellation Sagittarius; there is nothing there but darkness. Why? Presumably because dust clouds intervene. To substantiate this is work for the



200-inch camera. Long exposures with supersensitive plates may detect some kind of radiation penetrating these clouds. If it is successful, and we find a proper nucleus, the character of the obstruction and the nature of the space-filling material will no longer be mysteries.

An understanding of the dust clouds will give rise to a second question: What is the manner of birth of a star? Dust, apparently,

was once a part of the evenly distributed cosmic carpet. Why did it condense and segregate itself in particular parts of the heavens? What turned that inert cloud into a seething mass of atoms at millions of tons pressure and millions of degrees of temperature? Are cosmic rays the birth cries of star infants, uttered long ago?

Such questions have remained unanswered because no detector powerful enough to unriddle them has ever been at hand. Now it is at hand, in the 200-inch mirror, the Schmidt cameras, and in a variety of precision instruments still to be finished.

The plan is to make a thorough canvass of the far heavens—a long and accurate statistical study of nebular velocities and distribution. If the simple rule, that outward velocity is proportional to distance, holds, we should know pretty closely how the universe is made. But why are the astronomers so confident? Because, even within the comparatively short range of the Mount Wilson telescope, nebular velocities of 60,000 miles per second are suggested. That is one-third the speed of light itself. And since, so far as we know, there can be no speed greater than that of light, and because nebular speeds are building up with great rapidity as observations move out-

ward, there is little room left before this motion reaches its limit. At that limit the boundaries of the universe will be set.

THE 200-INCH telescope is by no means an ultimate achievement, but only an outsize increase in the capacity of camera and film. Like a sampling poll here on earth, it is hoped that this telescope's statistical studies will reach the point of diminishing returns, beyond which greater samplings will not appreciably change the consensus of the whole.

Palomar, too, will inevitably ask as well as answer questions, and these will have to await still greater refinements in the measurement of cosmic light. Yet some day, not too far off, science should be ready to sit down and write a first explanation of what really exists around us. The report may run something like this:

Certain billions of years in the past, everything was bunched together in a thin, cold cloud, inert and motionless—neither ripple nor blemish anywhere. Suddenly a triggering force developed, origin unknown; two primordial particles were pushed a trifle too close to each other, were mutually attracted, joined, and began to whirl around in a frenzy of activity. Inaction was done. All through the

clouds, news of the change flew on the wings of radiation. Everywhere pairs of particles rapidly combined into fours, fours into eights . . . and thence into millions. This was the act of condensation.

These tight congregations, formed at lightning speed, left behind them virtually empty space, filled only by a few lazy particles unable for some reason to find the energy to follow suit. Presently, there were clouds of matter, then stars, and finally great galaxies of stars.

BUT ALREADY these were awesomely far apart, and, as they separated, a new force became evident, now called "cosmic repulsion." Through some unknown channel, every aggregation of stars pushed upon its neighbors, moving farther and farther apart and pushing harder and harder as it went. This was what has been called the "expanding universe."

At some point along the way, a minor accident occurred between two stars in one particular group, and one of the stars spattered a little, creating the Earth and the solar system. Similar accidents, probably very few, may have created other solar systems as well. Long afterward came civilization, telescopes, and a rising curiosity to know the reason for it all.

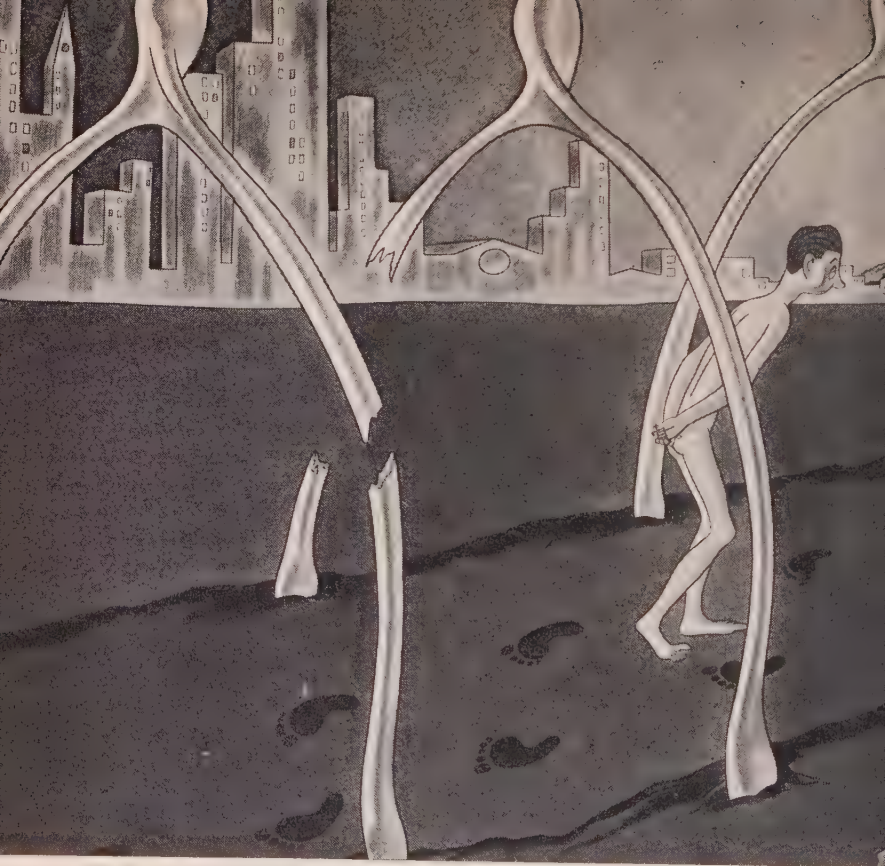
That brings us up to date. But what next?

Though it seems arbitrary and unreasonable, mathematicians can prove that nothing can move faster than light. Obviously then, the nebulae can't move much farther away than they are now, because to do so they would have to travel faster than is mathematically possible. Thus, as soon as our sampling of the outer regions shows the general pattern to be consistent, simple arithmetic will tell us how big the universe actually is, or eventually will be.

Will it stop at these theoretical borders? Suppose it does not? Will creation turn in upon itself, dooming the cosmos to an endless series of flutterings in and out, from an inert ball of gas to brilliant life and back again to stagnation and death? Such questions are not necessarily unanswerable to insatiable minds like ours and to instruments like the 200-inch telescope—or its descendants.

Only one question remains. What is *beyond* all this palpitating mass of atoms, elements, earths' suns, galaxies? However much room they occupy, what is outside them? Nothing? But nothingness is dangerous ground for speculation; for the moment that we understand it we may cease to exist.

END



THE DISQUIETING MR. DEAN

A quizzical cocklebur to the human race

MUCH AS HE may hate to admit it, the life of the average man tends to assume the form of a longish doze, interrupted by fits and starts of bewildered semialertness. We

say we are creatures of habit. It would be sounder to say we are creators of habit. We will invent a hundred ways of heading off self-consciousness to one that may force us to ask ourselves who the



I've lost something

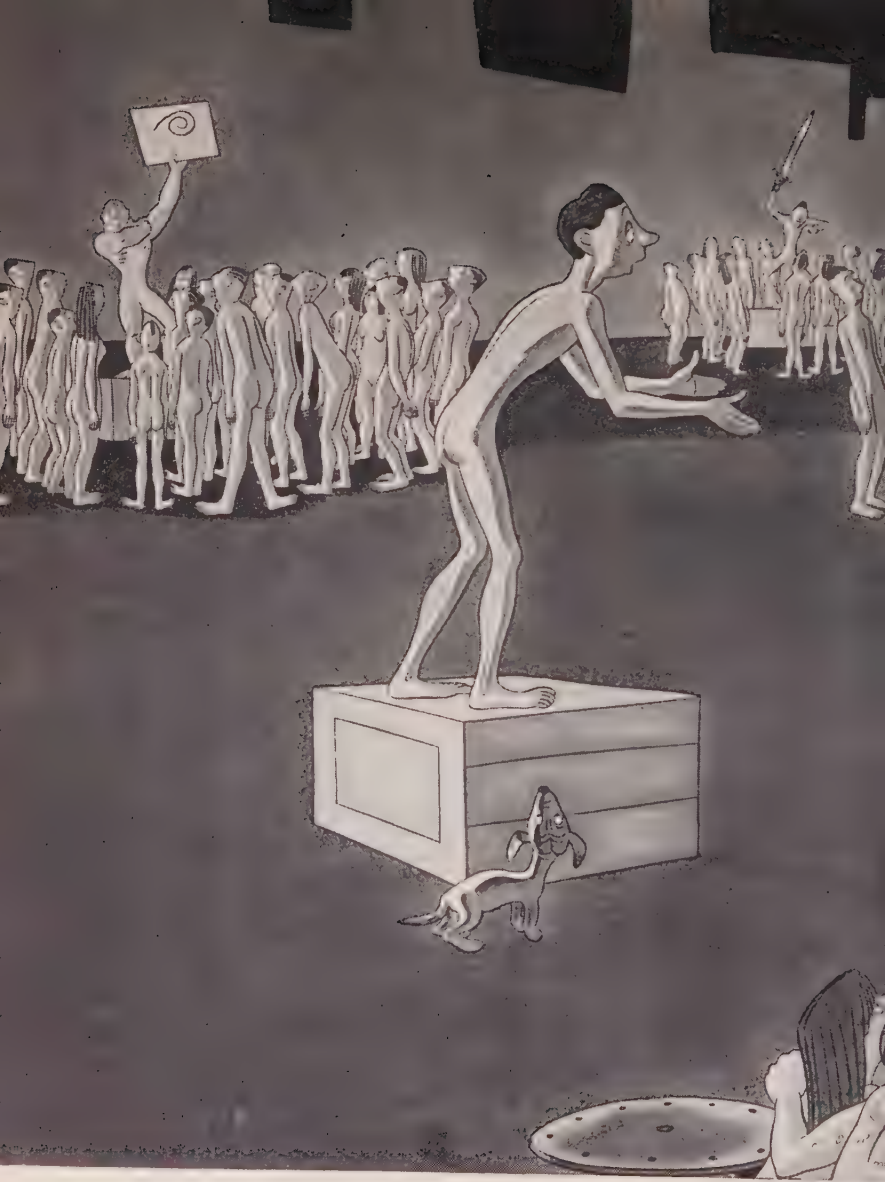
Drawings by Abner Dean

Commentary by Clifton Fadiman

devil we are. Is not the successful man he who has been so busy being a success he has not had time to find out what it is to be a man? He is the man who has deliberately refrained from asking himself

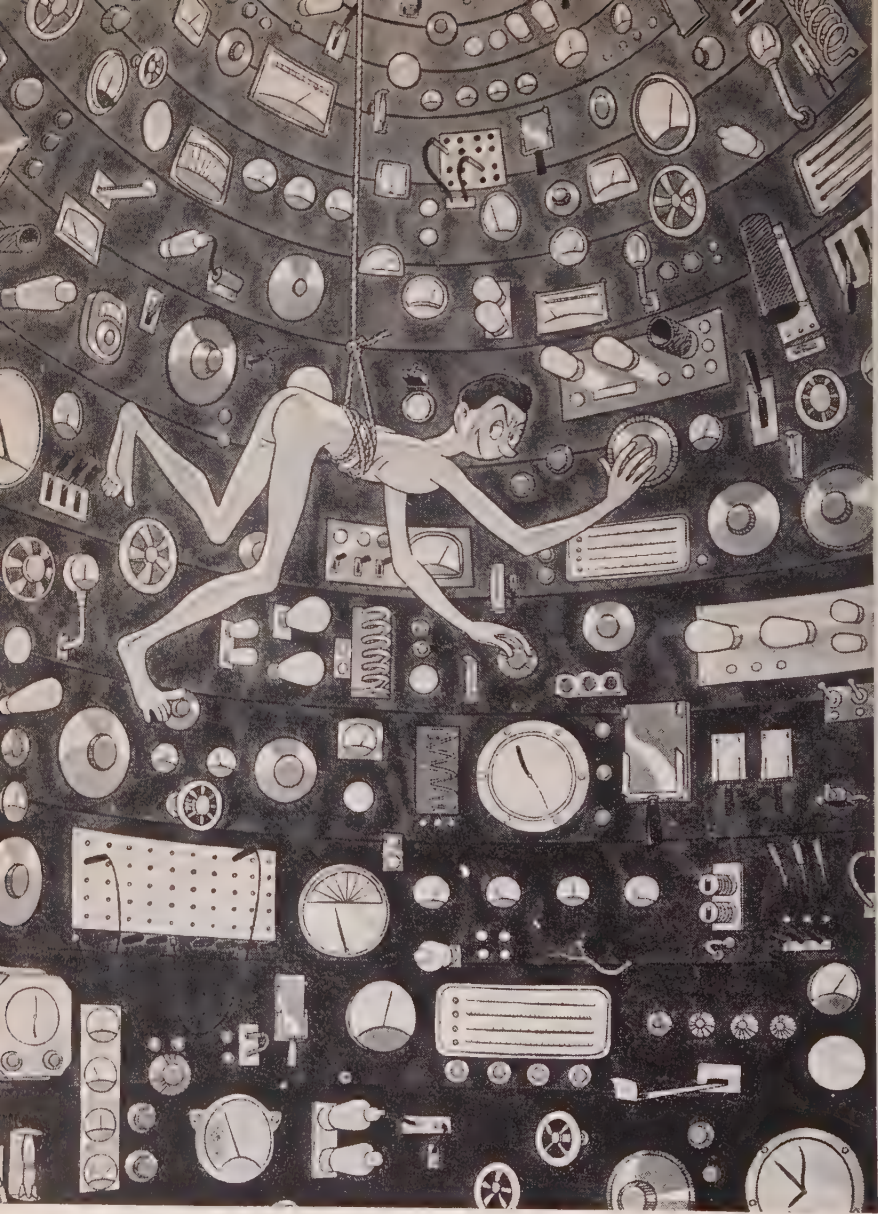
questions. The question-askers are usually of two kinds. There are, first, the true men of religion, the prophets, of whom only a few exist in any generation; and, second,

(Text continued on Page 150)





I can cure you



I have great power of selection.



There used to be a door here



Can you teach me anything?

the artists, among whom we should include all true scientists, educators, and philosophers. They are the ones who rowel us out of our

sleep. They are the magnificent cockleburrs of the human race.

Abner Dean, a handful of whose astonishing wash drawings are re-

produced in these pages, is such a cocklebur. I do not know what he thinks he is up to, but I know what he does to me. He disquiets me. He unsettles me. He takes me by the scruff of the unconscious and drops me all squealing right into the middle of his damnable, laughable, wonderful pictures. He asks me questions and makes me ask myself questions, quite against my anemic little will, that will which wants only to doze off like the dormouse until at last the mad tea party called living is over.

Is life more like making a 5:15 on which every commuter is meaningless? Or is it more like wandering in a wood where every tree is a menace or a mystery? Am I complete because I have a pocketbook, a Social Security number, and a last will and testament? Or have I lost something I cannot put a name to? I am elated because I possess electric-switches, clocks and watches, pants with zippers, clutchless automobiles, hot-water heaters, telephones, radio sets, and a civil servant in gray who brings me newspapers and magazines telling me I should acquire more electric-switches, pants with zippers, etc. Am I a fool in my elation? Or do I really have reality reduced to a dial system and therefore licked? Do I know my way around—or

don't I? It seems to me, but I'm not sure, that there used to be a door here. . . . Somebody must have the answers—maybe the dead who have been through it all, can teach me something . . . except that the dead seem to be such odd creatures, very much like the living. It's all quite baffling.

Full of good will and curiosity and fatuity, this naked little Dean-created man wanders about among other naked men and women. Why are they naked? Because that is how God created them.

He is, of course, a fool, like Don Quixote and Mr. Pickwick and Touchstone. He gets into jams, but is always pretty certain that something can be done about them. He's proud of the idiotic contraptions he's assembled. His highest wisdom lies in being depressed and discomfited at the memory of his errors. He's always forgotten something, he's always looking for something, like a Franz Kafka character. He changes like the cloud that Hamlet, in one of the great comic images of human life, pointed out to Polonius. He tries hard to conform—that is to say, he preserves a bland detachment among the lunacies and absurdities that strew his path. Then he breaks out of the pattern in manic glee, and throws the shoes of his questionings into the machin-

ery. He will stumble, he will fall, he will be beaten, he will be blind-folded, he will be disappointed—somehow he will survive. The ego is monstrous but immortal.

It is pointless to try to "explain" Abner Dean. His pictures are not explanations, not representations. They are trick mirrors in which we catch sight of those scary fragments of ourselves that we never see in the smooth glass of habit. Call them cartoons of the unconscious, if you wish to employ the lingo of our time. (Psychiatrists have used Dean's pictures to illustrate lectures on their specialty.) But formulas for the art of Abner Dean are irrelevant. What is important is the fact that he jolts you into sudden awareness of your own pathos, your own idiosyncrasy, your own fearful plight, your own unending and gigantic laughableness. His drawings make you question received values; they do not confer new ones upon you.

These cartoons are drawn from a forthcoming book *What Am I Doing Here?* (Simon & Schuster).

The book is a real book, and not a collection of cartoons. The naked wanderings of his eternally bemused, eternally hopeful hero trace an interesting pattern, full of ingenious echoes and returns, like a fugue. The macabre alternates with the wistful; the

hero, like us all, leaps from exaltation to pathetic self-reproach—he holds the truth in his hand—no, he has lost it; love is the answer—or isn't it? A hundred stray, flying strands of the inner life are woven into this visible odyssey of a latter-day Everyman.

The urge to call Dean (who is one of the sanest men I know) baton will be strong; but that is only because we have so large a vested interest in being "normal" that we panic easily when this investment is threatened. We have always tried and always will try to cry down those who question the value of this investment, the men who write and draw and compose tragedies and comedies. But, sooner or later, they work their charm. They make their subtle appeal to that repressed part of ourselves which knows we are absurd and wonderful. And so we steal back to them furtively, to receive with almost ashamed gratitude the ration they offer us of disquietude, the nourishing food of true consciousness.

They cannot help us to accumulate three-dimensional objects, or to torture, debase, and kill others: the main objects of modern life. They can only help us to feel what it is to be human. Do not despise their gift. There are few rich enough to offer it. Of these Abner Dean is one.

END



HOT LIPS PAGE (See page 102)

Photograph by Gjon Mili

NOVEMBER PREVIEW—'47 next month will include a novelette-length story by Irwin Shaw . . . other fiction by M. F. K. Fisher and Guido D'Agostino . . . stimulating articles by Bertrand Russell, Margaret Mead, Herman Wouk, James P. Warburg, Fred Rodell, Nathaniel Benchley, and others . . . paintings and photographs in full color . . . a poem by Vincent McHugh . . . and other special features. Look for the November issue of '47 on your newsstand about October 31.

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47

